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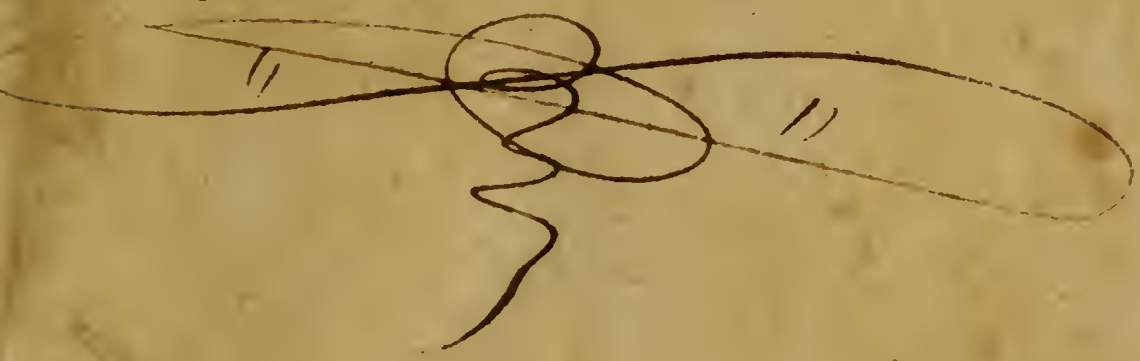
Polly Meadhams

Book



Clarissa L. Meachams,

PEGGY DOW—Aged *33*.

Vicissitudes Exemplified;

OR THE

JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BY PEGGY DOW.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband: but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones. PROV. xii 4.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. PROV. xxxi. 10.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. PROV. xxxi. 11.

She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. PROV. xxxi. 12.

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VICISSITUDES EXEMPLIFIED.

I WAS born in the year 1780; in Granville, Massachusetts; of parents that were strangers to God; although my father was a member of the church of England; and my mother had been raised by pious parents, of the Presbyterian order. But, whether she had any sense of the necessity of the new birth and holiness of heart I cannot say; for she was called to a world of spirits when I was but five months old; —leaving behind six children; two sons and four daughters. My eldest sister being about fifteen years old—my father married in about six months after the death of my mother—and although the woman that he married was an industrious good house wife, yet he lost his property and was reduced very low, by the sinking of continental money; and the children were scattered as a consequence. My eldest sister married when I was six years old—and she prevailed on my father to give me to her, which accordingly he did: and I was carried into the state of *New-York*, and saw his face no more!

My tender heart was often wrought upon by the Spirit of God—and I was at times very unhappy, for fear I should die, and what would become of my soul! I was early taught that there was a God, a heaven and hell; and that there was a preparation necessary to fit me for those

mansions of rest, prepared for those that are happy after death! My heart often mourned before God, young as I was,—for something I scarcely knew what, to make me happy! I dared not to sleep without praying to God, as well as I knew how, for many years. My sister's husband being a man not calculated to gain the world, although they had no children, I was raised to labour as much as my strength would permit; and perhaps more, as my constitution was very delicate, from my birth. But the Lord was my helper, though I knew him not by an experimental knowledge—yet I had a fear of him before my eyes! And He that taketh care of the young ravens cared for me.—From the time that I was six years of age until I was eleven, my serious impressions never left me; but from twelve to fifteen I was mixing with those that were unacquainted with God, or the things that pertain to the kingdom of heaven. My mind was taken up with the vanities of this present world—although, my heart was often tender under the preaching of the gospel; so that I could weep, and mourn; yet I did not seek the Lord in earnest to the saving of my soul. At the age of fifteen, the Lord laid his rod upon me in taking away my health, which was not restored until I was seventeen; in that time I was much afraid I should die—but the Lord was pleased to restore me to health again in a good degree—and at the age of nineteen—I set out to seek my soul's salvation—through many trials and difficulties!—The *Methodist's* preaching and zeal were new, in that part of the country where I

lived at that time; and my sister's husband was very much opposed to them, so that it made my way very trying; but I was determined, come what might, that I would take up my cross, and follow *Jesus*, in the way—I was willing, and I did give up all my young companions—all the diversions of which I had been very fond; such as dancing, and company that feared not God—and the Lord who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not, gave me *peace* and *consolation* in him.—My sister and myself joined the first *Society*, that was raised in that part of the country; at a neighbourhood called Fish-Creek; about four miles from where we lived; where we attended preaching and class-meetings once every week.—And the Lord was very precious to my *soul* in thos days.

About that time, my brother-in-law was brought to see himself a sinner, and embraced religion; and we were a happy family, although but three in number; we often felt like heaven begun below, Jesus precious to our souls!—The preachers made our house their home, at that time, and it was my delight to wait on them—I felt I could lie at their feet, and learn instructions from their lips—but often thought I was unworthy—my chief delight was in going to meeting, and praising and singing praises to my God and Saviour—we had preaching once in two weeks in our neighbourhood; but few attended for nearly two years—yet the preachers continued to preach, and that in faith, and the Lord heard and gave them their hearts' desire!—They formed a little *Class*, consisting only of seven;

my brother and sister, two other men and their wives, and myself, composed the society in the place where I lived—and we had class-meeting and prayer-meeting every week as the beginning—and it was but a few months before the Lord burst the cloud, and the work broke out; and sixty or seventy were added to the number. And we had precious times of the out-pouring of the Spirit of God! If we met only for prayer-meeting, often times our meetings would last untill twelve and one o'clock, and *souls* would be so filled with *divine love*, that they would fall prostrate on the floor and praise Christ their King! So we continued, to love like children of one family, for two or three years; when some difficulties took place—However none were turned out of society—though it was a great grief to us all! O! how sweet it is for *brethren* to dwell together in UNITY—but how often doth the enemy of mankind, make use of that most destructive weapon, DIVISION! to destroy the souls of the fallen race of Adam!—O that *Christians* would make a stand against him; and live and love like children of one family!—that the world might say—"*See how these Christians love one another!*"

After this, I lived in love and union with my brethren for two years or more; and enjoyed the privilege of preaching and class-meetings, and had many precious seasons to my soul!

About this time, "*Camp-Meetings*" began to be introduced into our country; and was attended with the power of God, in the conversion of many precious souls!

At this time, there was one about thirty miles from where I then lived; and my brother-in-law attended it; where he met with *Lorenzo Dow*, on his way to *Canada;* and invited him home with him, and to preach at our preaching-house, and sent on the appointment a day or two before hand; so that the people might get notice.—And as he was a *singular* character, we were very *anxious* to see and hear him. The day arrived, he came, and the house was crowded;—and we had a good time! I was very much afraid of him, as I had heard such *strange things* about him!

He was invited to our house, but did not come for several days. He had appointments to preach twice and thrice in the day.—However, at last he came, and tarried all night; and the next morning he was to preach five or six miles off from where I lived—and little did I think that he had any thoughts of *marrying*, and in particular that he should make any proposition of the kind to *me;* but so it was, he returned that day, to dinner; and in conversation with my sister, concerning me; he inquired of her, How long I had professed *religion?* She told him the length of time. He requested to know whether I kept wicked company? She told him I did not; and observed, that I had often said, "I had rather marry a *Preacher*, than any other man, provided I was worthy; and that I would wish them to *travel* and be *useful* to SOULS—By this time I happened to come into the room—and he asked me if I had made any such remarks? I told him I had! He then asked me if

I would accept of such an object as him? I made him no reply, but I went directly out of the room—as it was the first time he had spoken to me, I was very much surprised—He gave me to understand that he should return to our house again in a few days, and would have more conversation with me on that subject, which he did, after attending a meeting ten or twelve miles from where I lived—he returned the next evening, and spoke to me of the subject again, when he told me that he would marry, provided he could find one that would consent to his travelling and preaching the gospel; and if I thought I could be willing to marry him, and give him up to go, and do his duty; and not see him, perhaps, or have his company more than one month out of thirteen, he should feel free to give his hand to me; but if I could not be willing to let him labour in the vineyard of his God, he dared not to make any contract of the kind; for he could not enjoy peace of mind in any other sphere—and that I must weigh the matter seriously before God, whether I could make such an engagement, and stand to it; and not stand in his way, and prevent his usefulness to souls!—I thought I would rather marry a man that loved and feared God, and that would strive to promote virtue, and religion among his fellow mortals, than any other—although I felt myself inadequate to the task, without the grace of God, to support me! Yet, I felt willing to cast my lot with his; and be a help, and not a hindrance to him, if the Lord would give me grace; and as I had no doubt but he would, if I stood as I ought,

—and I accepted of his proposal—He was then on his way to *Canada*, and from thence to the *Mississippi Territory;* and did not expect to return in much less than two years; and then if Providence spared, and the way should open for a union of that kind, *when* he returned, we would be married! But would strive in that case, as well as in all others of such importance to lay it before the Lord: and be directed by him, as far as we could judge! And not rush precipitately into a state, that so much concerned our happinese in this world, and the next—as I doubt not, many engage in the holy bands of matrimony, without once considering its importance, and the obligations, they lay themselves under to each other, to do all in their power, to make the silken cord not prove a chain of iron!

He left me, and went on his way, to preach the gospel through *Canada*, and from thence to the *South*, and was gone for near two years, before he returned; he left an appointment for a Camp-Meeting in conjunction with some of the preachers, on his return, which he fulfilled; and on September the fourth, we were joined in the holy bands of Matrimony, late in the evening.—There was not any present, but the family and the preacher, who performed the ceremony!—Early in the morning he started for the Mississippi Territory; in company with my brother-in-law, who intended to remove to that country if he should like it.

I expected to continue to live with my sister, as she had no children—and was much attached to me, or seemed to be so at that time;—but the

Lord ordered it otherwise. My Lorenzo was gone about seven months, before he returned to me. My brother-in-law was pleased with the country, and intended to return to it with his family, in a few months. My husband was preparing to go to *Europe*, in the fall.—He returned, and stayed with me about two weeks: and then started for *Canada*, and left me with my sister:—They were preparing to remove to the *Missisippi* in July; this was in May; and my *Lorenzo* was to meet them in the Western country, where they were to carry me; and from thence we would go to New-York and they continue on their journey to the Missisippi Territotory: But he went on as far as *Vermont*, and held a number of meetings, where he saw his sisters that lived there; and then feeling an impulse to return to *Western* where I then was, he gave up the intended tour through Canada, and came back, prepared to take me to New-York City, where he intended to embark for Europe.

We stayed a few weeks in *Western*, until my brother-in-law got his temporal concerns settled; and then, after bidding my friends and brethren in the Lord, farewell! we set off for New-York—attended by my *sister*, who went the same road we were going, eighteen or twenty miles—where Lorenzo held several meetings—and stayed two or three days together; and then bid each other farewell, expecting to meet again in eighteen months or two years: but the *providence* of God did not favour this, or the *interference* of the ENEMY of mankind prevented. For we never met again; and could I have foreseen what awaited

my unfortunate sister in the country to which she was bound, the parting would have been doubly distressing. But it is happy for us that we do not know what is in futurity, as the great Master knoweth best how to prepare our minds for greater tribulation; while we travel through this world of woe! Our parting was truly sorrowful and afflicting, but it was light when compared to what followed!

We left *Westmoreland*, and went down to *Albany*, where my Lorenzo had some acquaintances, and stayed for several days—at the house of Mr. Taylor, and was treated like we were their children.

Now my sphere of life was altered. It was the first time I had been so far from home with out my sister; she was as a mother to me, as I knew no other. My heart often trembled at what was before me, to be continually among strangers, and not much acquainted with the ways of the world, it made me feel like one at a loss, how to behave, or what to do.

My Lorenzo was very affectionate and attentive to me—he left me at Albany with sister Taylor, who was going down to New-York in a sloop; as I was very much fatigued by riding on horseback—he thought it best for me, to go down with her, by water; while he went by land, rode one horse, and led the other. He arrived in New-York perhaps four and twenty hours before me. I went on board, for the first time that I ever was on the water, except to cross a ferry.

It made me something gloomy to be on board

the vessel among strangers while going down the river to the city of New-York, as I had never been in such a place before. However, we landed about ten o'clock at night, where I met Lorenzo, who had been on the look out for some time. We went to a friend's house, that had been very kind to him in days past, who then belonged to the Methodist church. I felt much embarrassed, as I had never been in such a place before. We stayed in New-York several weeks, and had some precious meetings; here I became acquainted with some kind friends, who were to me like mothers and sisters; whilst Lorenzo left me and went to fulfil some appointments he had made in *Virginia*, *North-Carolina*, and expecting only to be gone five or six weeks; but was detained contrary to his expectation, near three months. In that time the *fever* that was common in the city of New-York, broke out, and I went with Mrs. *Quackenbush* to the country; about forty miles up the river to a brother *Willson's*, where she carried her children to go to school; here I stayed several weeks. They were people of a handsome property; but the more we have the more we want; as has been observed by many—And I think it will hold good almost without exception; for they were as much engaged to gain property, as if they had only bread from hand to mouth. I was a stranger, and many times I felt like I was lost, but the Lord gave me support, so that I was tolerable cheerful in the absense of my companion! Before he returned, I went back to New-York, where I stayed until he came; and prepared to sail for *Europe*.

which was some time in November. We obtained a *protection* from our *government*, when leaving the country for England. It was necessary to have witnesses to prove that he was the Lorenzo Dow that was identified and intended in the documents, which he had obtained from the United States of America. Consequently he got N. S. and. J. Q. to go before a Notary Public, and certify that he was the same Lorenzo Dow referred to in the documents, Mr. N. S. gave in under oath, that "he knew him from his youth, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * holy gospel!" And about the same time he wrote letters to Ireland and England, to make his way narrow in those countries. And no thanks to him that it did not bring Lorenzo into the greatest distress and difficulties that a man could have been brought into! But through the mercy of God it was otherwise *overruled!*

He gave me my choice, to go with him or stay with friends in America, as there were many that told us, I might stay with them, and be as welcome as their children; and strove to prevent my going to a land where I would find many difficulties and dangers to encounter, that I was unacquainted with, and could not foresee. But I chose to go, and take my lot and share with him, of what ever might befall us. Consequently, on the 10th of November, 1805, we set sail from New-York, for Liverpool, in Old England. We embarked about 10 o'clock, with a fine breeze They spread their canvass, and were shortly under way.

Lorenzo came into the cabin, and told me to go on deck, and bid farewell to my native land! I did so; and the city began to disappear! I could discover the houses to grow smaller and smaller; and at last could see nothing but the chimneys and the tops of the houses; then all disappeared but the mast of vessels in the harbour. In a short time, nothing remained, but a boundless ocean opening to view; and I had to depend upon nothing but the Providence of God! I went down into the cabin, and thought perhaps I should see my native land no more!

The vessel being tossed to and from on the waves, I began to feel very sick; and to reflect, I was bound to a foreign land; and, supposing I should reach that country, I knew not what awaited me there, but this was my comfort, the same God presided in *England* that did in *America!*—I thought if I might find one real *female* FRIEND, I would be satisfied.

I continued to be sea-sick for near two weeks, and then recovered my health better than I had enjoyed it in my life before.

We were twenty-seven days out of sight of land. The vessel was in a very bad situation, as we had not been at sea more than five or six days, before the rudder began to fail; so they could not have commanded her at all, if the wind had been unfavourable. The weather was very rough and stormy; but through the mercy of God, the *wind* was favourable to our *course*, so that we reached safe our place of destination.

When we arrived in the river at Liverpool, we were not permitted to land, until they could

send up to *London*, and get returns from there; as our vessel came from a port subject to the yellow fever; on that account, we were obliged to stay in the river, for ten days, before we were permitted to come on shore.

I never saw a *woman* for thirty-seven days, except one, who came along side our vessel, to bespeak the Captain as a boarder at her house, when he should come on shore.

I strove to pray much to God to give us favor in the eyes of the people, and open the way for Lorenzo, to do the errand that he came upon; and to give him success in preaching the gospel to poor sinners! The prospect was often gloomy! Lorenzo used to say to me, Keep up your spirits—we shall yet see good days in Old England, before we leave it!—as the sequel proved!

We went on shore the twenty-fourth or fifth of December. Lorenzo had a number of letters to people in Liverpool. Some were letters of recommendation; others, to persons from their friends in America.

We went with the master of the vessel to a boarding house, where I was left until Lorenzo went to see what the prospect might be, and whether he could meet with any that would open the way for him to get access to the peo-people. After giving out all the letters but *one*, he returned to me: having been two or three hours absent without any success; as none had given him an invitation to stop at their houses for to stay that night.

The house that I tarried at, was a boarding-

house, for American captains; and the women that were there, were wicked enough!—My heart was much pained to hear my own sex taking the name of their Maker and preserver, in vain! O! thought I, shall I never meet again, with any, that love and fear God?—Lorenzo intended to go and find the person that the *last* letter was directed to, and told me I might either stay there or go with him. I chose to go with him, rather than be left with them any longer.—It was almost night, and we had not much to depend upon, without the openings of Providence. We started, but could not find the person for some time. However, at last, as we were walking, Lorenzo looked up to the corner, and happened to espy the name that he was after; accordingly we went up to the door, and gave a rap, and were admitted. He delivered the letter. There was a woman from *Dublin*, who seeing that we were strangers and foreigners, began to enquire of Lorenzo, for some persons in America; and shortly after this, she asked him, if he had ever heard of a man by the name of *Lorenzo Dow?* Not knowing that any one in that country could have any knowledge of him, it was *very* surprising to *me*. He told her, that was his name, and she was as much surprised in her turn. She had seen him in *Ireland*, when he was there some years before; but did not know him now, as he had had the small pox after she had seen him, which had made a great alteration in his appearance.

The man of the house invited us to tarry all night, but the woman made some objections!—

They were friends, (quakers) and told us, there was a quaker lady just across the street that kept a boarding-house, where we could be accommodated with lodgings for the night. And as it was then something late in the evening, the man conducted us thither, where we obtained permission to stay.

As Lorenzo had but little to depend upon but the openings of Providence,—he intended to go to *Ireland*, and take me to his friends, and leave me there; as he had wrote to that country and had returns from his old friend, Doctor Johnson, with an invitation for him to bring me; and that I should have a home at his house, as long as we chose, whilst he pursued his travels through Ireland and England! Lorenzo went and procured a passage across the channel, in a packet to Dublin; but did not sail for several days. So we had to stay in Liverpool for some time. Our *board* was more than two guineas a week, which was bringing Lorenzo very short as to money! At last we got on board of the packet, with our little baggage, and some provisions for the voyage; but the wind proved unfavorable, and we were driven back into the port of Liverpool again; and that was the case for no less than than five times running.

Before this, our friend that we met at the quakers, had introduced us to a family of people who were *Methodists*, where the woman was a very affectionate *friend;* which opened the door for acquaintance, and had been had there several times!

Our landlady that we were boarding with

told us we could not stay with her any longer, so we must go elsewhere, as her house was full.

The last time we went on board of the packet, and put to sea, we had not been out more than two or three hours, before the wind blew a gale; and it was so dark that they could not see their hand before them on deck; and we knew not how shortly we might be cast on rocks or sand banks, and all sent to eternity. There were some on board, who before the storm came up, had been very profane in taking the *name* of their *Maker* in vain; but when they saw and felt the danger that they were in, they were as much alarmed as any persons could be!

I could not but wonder that people would or could be so careless and secure whilst they saw no danger, but when the waves began to roll, and ship began to toss to and fro, they were struck with astonishment and horror!

My husband and myself lay still in the birth, and strove to put our trust in that hand that could calm the roaring seas; and I felt measurably composed—at day-light, the captain made for the port of Liverpool again, and about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, we came into the dock; but as we were coming in, under full sail, and a strong tide, there was a large ship, of the African trade, that was lying at anchor in the harbour; we ran foul of her, but through mercy was preserved from much harm!

The weather was very rainy, the streets were very muddy, and I had walked through the mud for a considerable distance; the prospect was very gloomy, but my Lorenzo cheered my spi-

rits, by telling me, The Lord would provide which I found to be true!

We went to Mr. *Forshaw's*, the people that we were introduced to, by the friend that we saw at the quaker's the first night we were in Liverpool; when my good friend, Mrs. *Forshaw*, now saw me returning, she was touched with pity for me, as I was very muddy and fatigued! She told Lorenzo he had better leave me with her, whilst he travelled through the country, until the weather was better; and then take me over to *Ireland* in the spring—which invitation we were very thankful for! O how the Lord provided for me in a strange land! where I had not any thing to depend upon but Providence!

My Lorenzo left me at her house, and proceeded up to *London;* where he was gone about two weeks; but previous to this, the Lord had opened his way; so that he had held a number of meetings in Liverpool, and one woman had been brought to see herself a sinner, and seek the salvation of her soul.

I was at this time in a state of * * * * * * * * *, and my mind somewhat depressed; but the Lord gave me favour in the eyes of the people, and they were very kind to me; while he was gone. I attended class-meetings and preaching, which was very refreshing to me. I felt to bless God, that I had found the same *religion* in that country, as I had experienced in my own native land. I was sometimes very much distressed in mind, for fear my husband should die, and I be left in a strange land; but he returned to me in the time he had appointed; and had ser-

eral invitations to other parts of the country, to hold meetings, which he accepted.

I left Liverpool with him, for Warington; where he had been invited, by a man that came to Liverpool on business: who not knowing there was such a person as Lorenzo in the country; but feeling, after he done his business, like he wanted to go to a meeting, and wandered about for some time, when he at last went into a a meeting house that belonged to the people called *Kilhamites*, where Lorenzo had been invited to preach, and found a congregation assembled to hear preaching; and after he had done, as the people were very solemn and attentive, and many was much wrought upon, this man invited Lorenzo to go to Warrington, where there was a little society of people, called quaker-methodists; and the meeting-house should be opened to him. He did so, and found them a very pious people. We stayed there for several weeks, and he held meetings two and three times in the day; while the Lord began a good work in that place, and many were brought to rejoice in the Lord!——Peter Philips, the man that invited Lorenzo there, and his wife, were very friendly to us, and their house was our home ever after, when we were in Warrington.

A widow lady who lived there, had three daughters, one of whom lived in *London*, and the other with her. She came out to hear Lorenzo preach; and one day after meeting, she came to Peter Philips, to see us, and was very friendly. Lorenzo asked her if she had any

children? She told him, she had three; and that two were with her. He inquired if they professed religion? She told him that one of them had made a profession, but she had lost it, she was fearful; but that the youngest never had. He requested her to tell them to come and see him; but the mother insisted that he should come and see them; and then he could have an opportunity to converse with them at home; he did so; and they both became very serious, and came to his meetings. And although they had been very gay young women, they would come up to be prayed for in the public congregation; the result was, they both got religion; and the youngest has since died happy in the Lord.—The eldest came down from London on a visit to her mother's, where my Lorenzo saw her, and he was made an instrument in the hand of God, of her conversion to God.—She was one of the most affectionate girls I ever saw!

We stayed in and about Warington until May, in which time, Lorenzo had openings to preach in different places, more than he could attend; and the Lord blessed his labours abundantly to precious souls!

In May we returned to Liverpool, and prepared to cross the channel to Ireland; we had a very pleasant passage, and arrived in safety, where we found our kind friend, Doctor Johnson and his family well; and was received with affection, by many. The preachers that were in Dublin, were very friendly, and I felt much united to them. We were invited to breakfast,

dine, and sup, almost every day. But my situation being a delicate one, it made it somewhat * * * * * to me! The friends were as attentive to me as I could have wished; for which may the Lord fill my heart with gratitude.

Lorenzo stayed with me for some time, and then went into the country, where he held many meetings, and the Lord was with him. After which he returned to *Dublin*, and with the Doctor, he returned to *England*. I staid with Mrs. Johnson until his return, where I expected to continue until I should get through my approaching conflict, if it was the will of the Lord to bring me through. I felt in tolerable good spirits; and although I was many hundred miles from my native land, yet the Lord gave me favour in the eyes of the people.—My wants were supplied, as it related to my present situation, abundantly!

Lorenzo stayed in England for six or eight weeks, and then returned to me to be with me in my approaching conflict.—He was very weak in body; but continued to preach two and three times in the day. He got some books printed, which enabled him to prosecute his travels thro' the countries of Ireland and England.

Whilst he was absent, a woman had spoken to a Doctor to attend me, when I should want him, which was not agreeable to my Lorenzo. But having gone so far, it was thought by those that employed him, that it was best not to employ any other; and I being unacquainted with the manners and customs of the country, was passive; my Lorenzo was much hurt, but I was not

sensible of it, as much before as after; if I had, I should not have suffered it to have been so; but we often are mistaken in what will be best for us.

The time arrived that I must pass through the trial, and my Lorenzo was at the Doctor's; but those that attended on me would not suffer him to come into the room, where I was; which gave him much pain. I did not at that time know how much he was hurt—but after my child was born, which was on the 16th of September, between three and four o'clock, he was permitted to come in, and he had a white handkerchief on his head, and his face was as white as the handkerchief. He came to the bed, and took the child, observing to me, that we had got an additional charge—which if spared to us, would prove a blessing, or else one of the greatest trials that possibly we could have to meet with.—I expect Lorenzo passed through as great a conflict in his *mind*, as he had almost ever met with! The Lord was my support at that time, and brought me safely through.—The friends were very kind to me; and supplied my wants with every thing that was needful; and in about two weeks I was able to leave my room: my heart was glad, when I viewed my little daughter.—She was a sweet infant. But O how short-lived are earthly joys! We stayed in Dublin until she was five weeks old; and then my Lorenzo with myself and our little one, embarked on board a packet for Liverpool!—The weather was rainy, and tolerable cold; there was no fire in the cabin. There was a number of passen-

gers, who thought themselves rather above the middle class, men and women who were civil to us: but I was so much afraid that my little infant would be too much exposed, that I neglected myself, and probably took cold—were two nights and one day on board the packet.—We got into Liverpool about ten or eleven o'clock, where I was met by my good friend, Mrs. Forshaw; and went to her house, where we stayed a-day or two; and then took the stage for Warington, about eighteen miles from Liverpool, where we arrived on Sunday morning. Our friends, Peter Philips and his wife, were at meeting—Lorenzo went to the chapel, the people were very much rejoiced to see him. They had been concerned for us, as they had not heard from us, for some time. The friends from the country, many of whom came to see us, while Lorenzo had meetings in town and country, two and three times in the day; and the Lord was present to heal mourning souls.

Doctor Johnson came with us from Ireland.—He was much engaged in helping to bring souls to the knowledge of the truth; and was, I trust, made an instrument of good to many!—Lorenzo and the Doctor travelled in to various places in Lancashire and Cheshire with some other counties, and many were brought to see themselves sinners, and seek their soul's salvation.

The people in that country seemed to feel much for me; and manifested it by numberless act of kindness. For, instead of having to sell my gown for bread, as Lorenzo told me I might have to do, when we were in America, there was

scarcely a day but I had presents of clothing or money, to supply myself with what ever I needed. O how grateful ought I to be to my great Benefactor, for all his mercies to unworthy me!

My little "*Letitia Johnson*," for so was my child called, grew; and was a very fine, attracting little thing; I found my heart was too much set upon it, so that I often feared I should love her too well; but strove to give myself and all that I had to my God!

My Lorenzo was in a very bad state of health, which alarmed me very much. I often cried to the Lord to take my child or my health, but spare my dear husband!—The thought was so painful to me, to be left in a strange land,—with a child, so far from my native soil!—The Lord took me at my word, and laid his afflicting hand upon me.

My Lorenzo and the Doctor went to *Macclesfield*, and expected to be gone about a week—and left me at Peter Philip's, where I was taken sick, the day they started, with the nervous fever—but kept up, and nursed my child, until two or three days before they returned.—I tho't I had taken a very severe cold, and should be better; but grew worse every day.

The friends were very kind to me, particularly Mary Barford a young lady of *fortune*, who had got religion through the instrumentality of Lorenzo. She attended me two and three times a-day. After I got so as not to be able to sit up, she hired a girl to take care of my child. My fever increased very fast, and the night before Lorenzo got to Warington, I thought I was dy-

ing, and those that were about me were very much alarmed, and sent for a doctor; he came, and administered something to me. He said I was not dying, but that I was very sick! The next morning doctor Johnson and Lorenzo came; they found me in bed. The doctor thought perhaps I had taken cold, and it would wear off after giving me something to promote a copious sweat; but when he found that the fever continued to rise, he told us to prepare for the worst—for it was a nervous fever, and that it was probable it would carry me to a world of spirits.

I had continued to nurse my child for more than one week after I was taken sick, which was very injurious to her; the Doctor forbid my suckling her any longer, which gave me much pain; they were obliged to take her from me, and feed her with a bottle. My fever increased, and rose to such a height, that it was thought I could not survive many days! The Doctor stayed with me, and payed every attention in his power, for twenty days and nights. Lorenzo was not undressed, to go to bed, for near three weeks; nor the Doctor for nearly the same length of time.

My kind friends gave me every assistance in their power; they came from the country, for many miles distant, to see if we were in want of any thing that they could help us to. May the Lord reward them for their kindness to me, in the day of adversity. Our dear friend, Mary Barford, used to come every day, two or three times, to see me and administer to my necessi

ties; and many others came also. She was a precious girl, and although she had been raised in the first circle, would go into the houses of the poor, and supply their wants, and nurse and do for them like she had been a servant. Altho' Lorenzo was so broke of his rest, and fatigued by night; yet he held some meetings almost every day; some of which were a considerable distance from town; and as he was weak in body our young friend M. B. frequently hired a hack, to convey him to his appointments and back, so that he was with me the greatest part of the time.

I was very much reduced, so that I was almost as helpless as an infant.

There was a chair-maker's shop adjoining the house, and the room that I was confined in being most contiguous, the noise of the shop together with that of the town, was very distressing to me—likewise the family was large, and the house small, so that it was very uncomfortable. We were under the necessity to have some persom to sit up with me every night, for my fever raged to that degree I wanted drink almost every moment! The light was not extinguished in my room for six or eight weeks.—My poor child was very fretful, the girl that nursed it would get to sleep and let it cry, this distressed my mind; and it was thought best by my friends to get some person to take it to the country, to be nursed there.

To be separated from my child, was very painful to me; but as my life was despaired of by my friends; and as I myself had not much

expectation that I should recover, I strove to give it up, knowing it would be best for the child and for me also.

There was a woman from Cheshire, who lived about ten miles distant from Warington, that had no children; she came to see me, and offered to take my baby and nurse it, until I should die, or get better—which was agreed to; so they made ready and she took it! But O the heart-rending sorrow that I felt on the separation with my helpless little infant! Language cannot paint it; but the Lord was my support in that trying hour; so that I was enabled to bear it with some degree of fortitude! I was anxious to get well and return to *America;* but little did I know what awaited me on my native shore! My disorder affected my mind very much; likewise I was very desirous to see my sister that raised me, once more in time; she was as near to me as a mother. We had heard that they had arrived safe at the Missisippi territory, and was like to do well.

At times I was very *happy;* and then at other times my mind was very gloomy, and sunk, as it were—the Doctor said that he never saw any one's nerves so affected, that did not die, or quite loose their reason for a time—but I retained my *senses* and recollection as well as ever, although, it seemed that I scarce slept at all!

As I was so surrounded with noise, the Doctor thought it would be better for me to be removed to a friend's house in the country, who lived about four miles from where I was. Accordingly they hired a long coach, and put a bed in it,

and then a man took me in his arms, and put me in; and the Doctor and Lorenzo got into the coach with me, and carried me four miles into the country, to a friend's house, where I had every attention paid me that I could wish for: and from that time I began to mend and recover—This was about Christmas.

My Lorenzo felt a desire to visit *Ireland* once more before he returned to America; and he wished to make arrangements to return in the spring; and if he did not go to Ireland in a short time, he could not go at all: I was at that time so low, that I could not get up, or assist myself so much as to get a drink of water—and it was doubtful whether I should recover again or not.

He told me what he felt a desire to do, but added, that he would not go unless I felt quite willing. I told him, the same merciful God presided over us, when separated, as when we were together, and that he would provide for me, as he had done in a strange land, through my present illness; and wished him to go and do his duty! Accordingly he hired a young woman to come and stay with me night and day.

He had to preach at a place about two miles from where I was, at night; and told me, perhaps he should not return that night; and if he did not, he should not return to see me again, before he left that part, for Ireland; however, I thought he would return to me again before he left England—but he to save me the pain of parting, did not return, as I had expected, but took the coach for *Chester*, and so on to *Holly-*

head in *Wales*, there to embark for *Dublin*; and left the Doctor to stay with me, until his return, which he did; and was as a father and friend to me in his absence.

Although I felt willing for him to go and blow the gospel trumpet, yet my heart shrunk at the thought of being left in a strange land, in my present situation, so weak that I could not put on my clothes without help; and my sweet little babe at a considerable distance from me, and amongst strangers. But the Lord was my support, and gave me strength to be, in some considerable degree, resigned to the will of God!

Lorenzo went on the outside of the coach, exposed to the inclement weather, and to the rude insults of the passengers, until he got to Holyhead, where he went on board a packet for Dublin, when he was both wet and cold—and was for four and twenty hours without food; but when he got to Mrs. Johnson's, he found her, as ever, a friend indeed; where he stayed until he got recruited; and then commenced his travels, whilst I was left behind, to encounter the most trying scene that I had ever met with.

My strength gradually increased, so that I was in a few weeks able to sit up and to walk about the room. The people that I was with, were as kind and attentive as they could be—may the Lord reward them. But the Doctor thought it would be best for me to go to another neighbourhood, as a change of *air* and new objects might contribute to my health—and I should be nearer my child, which was a pleasing thought to me. We got into a carriage, and

went to a friend's house, eight or ten miles, where I had been invited and sent for; we stayed a week or more, and then we went to another place, within two miles of my child, which I expected to see and clasp to my bosom! O how short-lived are all earthly enjoyments! I did see my sweet little babe once more—the woman that had her, brought her to see me; my heart leaped with joy at the sight. The innocent smile that adorned her face! O how pleasing—I wished very much to keep her, but the Doctor would not consent that I should undertake to nurse her. He said, I had not recovered my strength sufficient to go through the fatigue of nursing. But he that gave it, provided for it, better than I could; he saw it best to transplant it in a happier soil than this; for in two or three days, the flower that began to bloom, was nipt by the cold hand of death, after a short illness of perhaps two or three days; my tender babe was a lifeless lump of clay, and her happy spirit landed on the peaceful shore of BLEST ETERNITY.

They kept me in ignorance of her sickness, until she was dead. I could not tell why my mind was so much distressed on the account of my child. I inquired of every one that I could see from where she was; but they would not tell me of her danger, until she was dead. I was then about four miles from her, where I had gone the day that she died—a kind sister walked that distance to let me know that my little Lettitia was no more; lest some one should too abruptly communicate the heavy tidings; as my

health was not yet restored, and it was feared that it would be attended with some disagreeable consequences! I was much surprised to see sister Wade come, as I had left her house only the day before. The first question I asked her, how my child was? She made me no reply.—It struck my mind very forcibly, that *she* was no more! I requested her to tell me the worst, for I was prepared for it—my mind had been impressed with a kind of foreboding for some time!—She told me my child was gone, to return no more to me! I felt it went to my heart, in sensations that I cannot express!—it was a sorrow, but not without hope; I felt my babe was torn from my bosom, by the cruel hand of death!—But the summons was sent by him that has a right to give and take away; and he had removed my innocent infant far from a world of grief and sin! perhaps for my good; for I often felt my heart too much attached to it; so much, that I feared it would draw my heart from my duty to my God!—O the danger of loving any creature in preference to our Saviour!—I felt as one alone—my Lorenzo in Ireland—my child was gone to a happier clime! I strove to sink into the will of God; but the struggle was very severe, although I thought I could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The day that my child was carried to Warington, to be interred in the burying-ground of the quaker-methodists, about ten miles from where she died, I felt as though I must see her before she was consigned to the dust, to be food

for worms: they had to carry the corpse by the house that I was at—my friends opposed it so warmly, urging my present state of health as a reason. I thought perhaps it would be best, and strove to compose myself, and use my reason, and resign my all into the hands of the Lord—it was a severe struggle, but the Friend of sinners supported me under all my afflictions.

They carried my sweet little Lettitia, and consigned her to the tomb, there to rest until the last trump shall sound, and the body and spirit be re-united again: and then we shall see how glorious is immortality!

I wrote to my Lorenzo the day that our child died: he did not get it, but wrote to me, and mentioned, that he wished to see me and the child; which opened afresh the wound that had been received—but he got the news by way of Mrs. Johnson. He wrote to me, that he intended to return to America in the spring, which I was very anxious for. My health began to get better, so that I was able to walk two miles at a time, as walking was very customary among the people in that country. I felt a desire to return to Warington, which I did in a canal boat, and was kindly received by my good friends and benefactors, Peter and Hannah Philips, with many others that had contributed to my comfort, while afflicted with sickness and distress. I stayed in the town of Warington for several weeks, with my friends and was frequently at the little chapel, where my sweet little infant's remains were deposited—and I often felt a pleasure of the sweetest kind, in contemplating that

my child had escaped all the vanities and dangers of this treacherous and uncertain world, for the never-fading glories of paradise, where I hoped, when life should end, I should meet her to part no more!—notwithstanding, I felt the loss very sensibly.

I wrote to Lorenzo from that place, and received an answer, which was calculated to console my heart, and comfort me under my present affliction. He desired me to meet him in *Liverpool* on the first of March, which I did. I went by the way of *Frodsham*, in Cheshire, down the river, in a large flat, with a man and his wife, that were employed to bring the rock, for making salt. The river had been frozen considerably, and was full of ice; and when the tide came in, it appeared very alarming to me; but, after a little the boat got under way, and we had a tolerable pleasant sail down the river to Liverpool, where I met with Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, my kind friends that had succoured me in days past, when I had no one to depend upon on that side of the great ocean!—they still were, as ever, friendly; where I stayed until near the middle of March, when Lorenzo returned from Ireland, which made my heart rejoice!

We left Liverpool in a canal boat for the country, and visited several towns, where Lorenzo preached to numerous congregations.—The people were remarkably attentive: there was a pleasant prospect opened before him, and he received more invitations to preach in different parts of the country than he could attend.

There had a number of people determined to

come from Ireland to America, with us; and were accordingly to meet us in Liverpool, in April. Consequently, we had but a few weeks to stay in and about Warington. I had become so much attached to the friends, that it was truly painful to part with them. Our friends came from various parts of the country to bid us farewell; and we had sweet and melting times together, not expecting to meet again, until we should meet in a blissful eternity.

We left Warington for Lymn, where Lorenzo preached, and bid the people farewell; they were much affected—we parted with a hope of meeting in a better and happier world. From thence we went to Preston-brook, where my Lorenzo preached again another farewell; it was a precious time to many,—from there to Frodsham—the people flocked round him with the greatest affection, for there the Lord had blessed his labours in a peculiar manner to the souls of many; he preached to them for the last time, and bid them an affectionate farewell, while they were bathed in tears, seemingly as much pained as though they were parting with a parent.

From thence he went to Chester, the most ancient city, perhaps, in that country, except London! He left me to come in the coach a few days after, whilst he visited the country adjacent. Accordingly I met him on the day appointed; and we stayed some time in Chester. It was a great curiosity, as it was built on the most ancient construction: being walled in, quite around, and the outside of the wall very

high; there was a trench dug on the outside, and it was walled up from that: the top of the wall was wide enough for a carriage to pass, with a breastwork sufficiently high to prevent any thing from falling over, and upon the inside was another similar!

The antiquity of the houses, and the nobleness of the public buildings, struck me with a solemnity that I cannot express. My thoughts ran to times that had gone by, when those that had laid the foundation of these walls were animated with life and activity! Where are they now? They have gone to a world of spirits—and we must shortly follow them! And those that take our place, will wonder at the labour of our hands, in like manner!

The country is truly delightful that surrounds the city of Chester. It was in the spring when I was there; when every thing wears a pleasing appearance.

The people were very hospitable and kind, at least they were so to me.

We left Chester for Liverpool in a little sail-boat, and the river was something rough.—There was a number of passengers, which made it quite unpleasant; but we arrived safe in the evening, where we met our friends from Ireland, that intended to come to America with us. Lorenzo had made the necessary preparations for the voyage; and he had chartered the cabin and steerage for the accommodation of passengers, at a lower rate than he could have got it, if there had been but two or three.

The first ship that he engaged to transport us

to our native soil, sprang a leak as she was coming out of dock—got injured by some means, and had to unlade, and get it repaired; so that it delayed her sailing for some time longer. But as we were in readiness to leave the country, Lorenzo met with another, where he could obtain accommodations at a better rate: he accordingly made a bargain with the captain for a passage in her, and every thing being prepared for our voyage, on the sixth of May we hoisted sail and weighed for America, which gave me a very pleasant sensation; after having been in England and Ireland about eighteen months, and experiencing many kindnesses and favours from the people; and that Lorenzo was made an instrument in the hand of a gracious God, in bringing many precious souls to the knowledge of the truth.

On the first day, in the morning, we had a very pleasant breeze, but the fog springing up, it was something gloomy for several days—but by that means we avoided the ships of war, that were very numerous on the coast of England; and as Lorenzo and myself had no legal passports from that country, the law being such, that aliens were much put to it to travel in that kingdom; and particularly those that were in Lorenzo's capacity, such as preachers: they must first take the oath of allegiance to the king of England, and get licence to preach, or they were subject to a fine for every sermon they should preach of twenty pounds each, and every house must be licensed also, or the man that owned it was subject to a fine of twenty pounds; and ev-

ery person that heared preaching there, were likewise liable to pay five shillings! But Lorenzo, in the first place, could not take the oath that was requested, to obtain that licence—he thought as he had left his native land, not to gain worldly honour or applause, he could still trust that Providence who had guided his course through the great deep, and brought him through many dangers and difficulties in his own country, so he strove to do his duty, and leave the event to God.

We had a very pleasant voyage, except the passengers were generally sick, for more than a week, except my husband and self. I was never better in health in my life—but they recovered their health and spirits after a few days; and we had some very good times on board. Lorenzo preached to the people on Sundays, and we had prayers night and morning, when the weather would admit. We had plenty of the necessaries of life to make us comfortable.

We were betwixt six and seven weeks on our passage. Some time towards the last of June, we saw the long-wished for *land* of *America*, which I had so earnestly desired to behold once more: the beautiful country and town of New-Bedford, in Massachusetts, presented to view, where we landed, and was kindly received.

The people that professed religion were chiefly *quakers*, and the people who stiled themselves *Christians*. Lorenzo held several meetings in the town, which was very satisfactory to many.

After staying near two weeks in Bedford, Lorenzo, with nearly all the passengers that were

in the ship, went on board a packet for New-York; and left me to come round with the other women in the ship, to *Virginia*, and to meet him in *Richmond*.

We parted—and I had to stay nearly two weeks, before the ship sailed; they were taking out the lading, and preparing her for a fresh cargo when they should arrive at Virginia. It was about the time that the ship *Chesapeake* was fired upon by the *British!* We sailed from New-Bedford about the first of July, and had tolerable pleasant weather, though we were lonely, not having any company but us three women. We got into *Chesapeake Bay* at evening, and passed one of the armed vessels belonging to the *British*, and expected them to have stopped us, as it had been reported that they were in the habit of requiring the captains of American vessels to pull down their colours to them, or else firing upon them; however we passed unmolested, except they hailed us, but it being dark, we got by. Sister *Wade* was very much alarmed: but I felt so much of the spirit of *independent America*, that I did not wish my country's flag to be disgraced in our own waters. In the morning we came into *Hampton Roads*, where we anchored, and stayed several days, while the captain took a boat and went to *Norfolk* to seek for a cargo in sight of the other British ships of war.

We were in a very unpleasant situation, as we had no one on board that we could place any real confidence in; but *Providence* provided for us, and we met with no insults from any. The

captain returned at night; and the next morning we set sail for *City Point.* The day was delightful, and the scenes that surrounded was truly pleasing. The river seemed by the bends to be inclosed in on every side; and the banks to be covered with all the beauties that summer could produce, which gave my mind a pleasant sensation, when I reflected that it was my native country—my beloved America!! But little did I know what awaited me in my native land!!

We sailed on very pleasantly through the day; and about eight or nine o'clock we arrived at City Point. The ship was in the river, until her lading was brought down from Richmond in lighters. The weather was getting very warm, and we were obliged to stay on board until we could get an opportunity to go to Richmond, which, by land, was not more than twenty-five miles; but by water it was, perhaps, twice as far, and here time passed away very heavy, until the master of the ship went up to Richmond on business, and hired a hack to return; consequently we embraced the opportunity, when it returned, to get a seat in it up to Richmond, leaving our trunks and other things, to be bro't up by the boats, that were to bring down the lading for the ship.

We bid farewell to the ship, where I had been confined the most of the time for near three months, and it was a happy day to me, although I was in a part of the continent that I had never been in before; I felt as though I could kiss the ground: but my companion, Mrs. *Wade*, her

mind was occupied in quite a different way,—she was thousands of miles from her native land, while I was breathing my native air.

We arrived in *Richmond* about one or two o'clock, and stopped at the "*Bell Tavern*," strangers to all that we saw: however, I had received a direction where to go, and make myself known, which I did, at a brother *Foster's*, and when they learned who I was, received us very kindly; but it was a severe trial, it being the first time I had been obliged to call on friends, without any one to introduce me. But the Lord provided for me, and I found many friends in that place: we stayed there some days.

Brother Wade and Lorenzo came and met us, and held several meetings, and we had good times with the brethren. There I saw the *girl* that brother MEAD has since married.

Lorenzo had bought a span of *mules*, before he went to Europe; and they were to be broke for a carriage by the time he should return; but they were taken and put into a waggon, and so broke down that they were unfit for use. He had paid eighty pounds for them just before he left the continent; this was the beginning of trouble to him.

We obtained the loan of a gig from one of our friends, to carry us up as far as *Cumberland*, to Mr. *John Hobson's*, who had been a great friend to Lorenzo in days that were past and gone, and still appeared to be such: here he traded off his mules with a man for a horse and gig not worth half the money that he payed for them; but he could do no better, as we were under the

necessity of going to the *north*, to make ready to go to the Missisippi, where my relations had gone, and I was very anxious to go. But O the heart-felt sorrow they were the cause of to me and my companion after!

We left our friend's house, and started for the North: as we had written to my sister in the *Missisippi*, on our first arrival in *America*, but had got no answer from them: I felt very desirous to hear from her, as she was as a mother to me in my infant days, I loved her dearly.

We went through *New-London* and *Lynchburg*, where we met with many friends, and attended a *Camp-Meeting* in Amherst; from thence to *New-Glasgow*, where Lorenzo preached at night; we stayed at an old gentleman's house, who was very friendly. Thence, we continued our journey on to a camp-meeting near *George-Town*, where we stopped and stayed until the meeting broke up: our horse was at some person's place, to be kept; and I expect got nothing to eat—for we only went from the camp-meeting to Leesburg, and from there to another little town, which was two short day's travel; but before we reached there he tired, and Lorenzo was obliged to trade him away for an old horse that was not worth but a little more than half as much! however, he answered our purpose, so that we got on to *New-York*, where I met with some friends that I had seen before; which were the first *faces* that I had met with for two years that I had ever beheld before, which gave me much satisfaction!

We stayed at New-York for several weeks

and then started for *New-England*, to visit Lorenzo's *father*. I had never seen him, nor any of the family, except one sister—it was a very great cross to me, but we arrived at his father's some time in September; and was joyfully received by our *Father*, there being none of the family with them, except one daughter, and one grandson. There my *Lorenzo* could contemplate the days of *youth;* for that was the place of his *birth* and of his *rambles* in *childhood*. The place where he first sought the path of *righteousness*—the way to peace and true happiness, in this world and that which is to come! The house, from where his honoured *Mother* had taken her flight to a happier clime—where once he had enjoyed her company, with the rest of the *family;* but now were separated hundreds of miles asunder!!

Lorenzo held several meetings in the neighbourhood, and had tolerable solemn times: but the society that he once belonged to was quite gone! Some had *died*, and others had *moved* away, while others had gone *back* into the world, and *lost* their *love* to CHRIST and his cause; which made him feel very awful! His *father* was a worthy old man, a kind *friend*, an affectionate *parent*—he was every thing that was good in his family. I thought I could have done the part of a child for him, if I might have the privilege; but I felt a strong desire to see my sister, in the Missisippi.

We went to *Tolland*, where *Lorenzo* had sent an appointment to preach at a Methodist meeting-house, and I did not expect to return to his

father's any more; but Lorenzo's sister from Vermont, coming down to her father's, we returned and stayed two or three days longer.

Lorenzo sold his gig and horse to a preacher, and bought his brother-in-law's horses, to return to *New-York*, where he had made an engagement with a man to make him a light waggon, which was to be ready on his return for the *south*.

We left his father's on horseback, after bidding them farewell; but as I had not been accustomed to travel in that mode for a long time, it was very fatiguing to me, so that I could not endure it, and when I got within about forty miles of New-York, I was obliged to go by water the remainder of the way, while Lorenzo rode one horse and led the other. He arrived there some time before me, and had gone to the country, about ten or twelve miles from the city to preach, but returned that night. We stayed a week or more until our waggon was ready for us to start; then bidding our friends farewell, proceeded on our journey.

Lozenzo had given out appointments all the way to Virginia, and had tolerable hard work to keep up with them—we had to travel nearly one whole night over the mountain from Frederick-Town to the Potomack river, which we crossed about two o'clock in the morning.

Lorenzo's appointments were some distance the other side of the river; we lay down, and as soon as it was light we started again, and reached the court-house just as the people had assembled. I went to a friend's house while Lorenzo preached to the people: after meeting we went

on to the next appointment, where he preached again at night also; and so continued on our journey, until we arrived in *Virginia*. Lorenzo preached every day, once, and twice, and three times; and when we arrived at *Winchester*, he preached twice to large congregations. From thence we went to a *Camp-Meeting*, where I saw brother Grober, a presiding elder, that I had been acquainted with a number of years ago, which was very satisfactory to me.

We left the camp-ground in the morning for *Staunton*, where Lorenzo had an appointment at night: it was threatening to rain in the morning when we started, and about twelve o'clock it began, and rained almost as fast as I ever saw it; we were in an open waggon, and I was wet through and through: as it continued to rain excessive all the afternoon, when we arrived at Staunton it was almost dark, and the people had assembled for meeting; Lorenzo had not time to take any refreshment, but went and preached in his wet clothes. We were received with coolness by the family that we stayed with, although he was acquainted with them before,—but that is nothing uncommon—man is so changable in his nature, that we may find him at one time all friendship, and perhaps the next day he is as cool as need be. Hence I have found it necessary to strive to take it as it comes; to be thankful for friends, when I find them; and to be satisfied when I have them not.

It was on Saturday night that we got to Staunton, and Lorenzo intended to stay until Monday morning. On Sunday morning brother *Wade*

came from *New-London* to meet us, and carry me home with him; and Lorenzo had calculated on leaving me at *Hobson's* in Cumberland, while he went to the Missisippi territory; consequently he thought it best for me to go to New-London with brother Wade who was anxious for me to go and stay with his wife a few months, as she was a stranger in this country; and my coming to America in company with her, it made us like sisters indeed. It was a trial to my mind to part with my companion for nine or ten months; as I did not expect to be with him but a few days, even if I went on to *Cumberland* with him, as he then must leave me, and start for the country where my sister lived: accordly we parted, and I went home with brother Wade. This was on Sunday, and he was to leave Staunton the next morning. My spirits were very much depressed; but I did not know what laid before me. I arrived in New-London in safety, and was kindly received by sister Wade, and had got tolerably composed, when I received a letter from Lorenzo, which gave me an account of the imprudence of my sister that lived in the Missisippi—but it was in so dark a style that I did not comprehend it fully, as I could not believe that she would be guilty of such enormities. I thought some one had charged her without grounds: that was some consolation to me, as I hoped it was not true. I was in hopes that he would come through New-London, and give me a more full account of the circumstance; but he could not, consistently with his arrangements. I was in great distress of

mind on her account, as she had been a great professor of religion, and the cause must suffer by her falling so *foully;* and the disgrace attending it was almost unbearable. Brother *Mead* and his wife came through New-London on their way to Georgia, and brought the news that Lorenzo was not coming through that place, which made my heart almost sink within me. I felt as though the trial was more than I could bear—but this was but the beginning of sorrow.

I stayed at brother Wade's for more than two months, and was kindly treated by him and his wife, and many others; and had many good times in meeting with the children of God, to worship him. The letter that I had received from Lorenzo in Cumberland, had stated that my sister had been guilty of very improper conduct, but that she was penitent But when Lorenzo got to Georgia, he received a letter from brother *Blackman*, stating that she had escaped from her husband with a young man, and had gone over the line into the Spanish country, to elude the displeasure of their connexions. It was then an undeniable fact that she was really guilty—and Lorenzo wrote to me from Georgia a full account of the circumstance, which gave me the severest wound that I had ever felt. To have heard of her death, O how much more preferable!—but I had no other way, but must submit. My dear sister, that lay so near my heart, had strayed so widely from the path of rectitude—it was such an heart-rending affliction, I thought it was almost more than I could bear!—It appeared impossible that she could be so far lost to her own hon-

our, and the love that she had manifested to the cause of God, and the prosperity of Zion, as to be guilty of such an atrocious crime. But so it is, that some who make the greatest show of religion wound it the deepest: so it was in this case! She had professed to have experienced the blessing of religion, for many years; and was so much opposed to any thing that had the appearance of *imprudence* in her own sex, as any person that ever I knew. She was married when young to a man that was inferior to her, in point of talents, and was not calculated to get the world, as the saying is, as much as many others; and she possessed a very proud spirit, together with a very quick temper—and he not having as mild a disposition as might be, they were unhappy in their union, which was attended with many disagreements. He was subject to intoxication, and that was frequently the cause of much misery between them! I was witness, many times, to such conduct on both sides, that gave me the greatest pain of any thing that could have befallen me. I often would beg my sister to say *nothing*, but her *turbulent* disposition was such, that I have thought she would almost suffer death, rather than submit to any one.

They lived in that way for many years. She was very industrious, and strove hard to live; but he was negligent, and often spent more than he made! They removed, when they were first married, into the state of *New-York*, about ninety miles from the place of their nativity, where they lived five or six years; she had religion at that time, and he opposed her very much, as she

had joined the *Baptist* church before she left *New-England;* but after leaving her Christian friends, and having so much opposition, she had lost her religion almost entirely, and become like the rest of the world. At that time the *Methodists* came into the neighbourhood, and she got acquainted with them, and would have joined them, but her husband would not permit her—but she attended their meetings, and was much engaged at that time. My brother-in-law took it in his head to remove to *Fort Stanwix*, on the Mohawk river, within seventy or eighty miles of the *line* of *Canada*, and she backslid again, not having any to converse with but those that were unacquainted with God or themselves! O how prone we are to forget the *obligations* we are under to our *Saviour*, notwithstanding it is on his bounty we live! we are indebted to him for every mercy that we enjoy! She continued to live in that careless way for several years, until I was perhaps, eighteen years of age, and the *Methodists* found her out again; and I got under *distress* for my soul: she got stirred up again, and I believe she had *religion*. My brother-in-law opposed us with all his might. They had got in a tolerable good way before this, and there was a prospect that they might live comfortable, as to the things of this life;—but he possessed such an uneasy disposition, that he could never be satisfied unless he was *trading*, and he had but a poor talent for that business: he sold his plantation, that he could have made a comfortable living upon, to a man that was a sharper, on trust, and took no security—the man

sold his property, and cleared himself, without making any compensation for the land. This was a very great affliction to my sister, as she had made every exertion for a living that a woman could do, and strove in every way she could to prevent his selling his place—but all to no purpose. He carried on a great stroke at drinking, and spending his time for nought: she was harrassed and troubled on every side, not enjoying that satisfaction in religion she had formerly done, it made her truly wretched! I strove to comfort her in every way that I could—we supported the family by our labour, weaving, spinning, and sewing, and any kind of work that we could do.

This continued for more than twelve months, and then he took a little farm of about fifty acres of land, with a comfortable house for a small family that suited us very well; the rent being small, he could have lived as well as need be, if he would have been industrious. He was of a turn that was rather indolent and careless, but my sister and myself kept the family in tolerable comfortable circumstances.

It was at this time that the *Methodist* preachers came into the neighbourhood, and preached the gospel to poor lost *sinners*,—my heart was wrought upon, and I set out to seek the *salvation* of my *soul*. My sister heard the pleasing sound with gladness, but my brother-in-law was violently opposed to them, and strove in every way that he could to prevent us from going to meeting; but I felt determined to seek the Lord with all my heart, come what would, and strive

to save my soul! it was near twelve months before I *joined Society*, or my sister; but at last we broke through and joined the people called *Methodists*—and I have never seen the time that I was sorry that I cast my lot with them; but I have often lamented that I did not live nearer to the gospel rules that they teach!

After we had joined society, my brother-in-law became somewhat more softened, and let us have more peace, and would sometimes go to meeting; but he still continued to go on in the same evil practice of spending his time in the most unprofitable way—but the preachers and people that feared God ceased not to pray for him, and at last he was brought to see his situation, and the danger of living in sin, and set about the work of his own salvation; and I doubt not but he experienced the pardon of his sins. O the joy that was felt on this occasion! we had, as it were, a heaven begun below! He became a new man, and Providence seemed to bless us on every side—and we continued to enjoy the consolations of religion for several years, and the Lord prospered us in all our undertakings until after I was married, and they started for the *Missisippi*, and my husband and myself parted with them: we were coming for *New-York*, and from thence to sail for *Europe*.

They went to that country, and it appeared they left all the prudence that they ever possessed behind them; for when they arrived, he, it appeared, thought that he could launch into building *Mills*, not counting the cost that he must be at, but calculating that Lorenzo, when he re-

turned from his tour in Europe, would pay all expenses—he ran into debt for land that had a mill seat upon it, and began to erect a mill.

Some people were much pleased with them, as they appeared to be engaged in religion.—My sister was very much respected by people, both religious and irreligious—but O the danger we are exposed to while in this world. She was possessed of good natural ability, and considerable acquired knowledge, and was the last person I should have thought would have conducted in the way she did; but we have need to *watch* and *pray*, lest we enter into *temptation*. She had lived with her husband for twenty years at least, and I never heard or knew any thing laid to her charge of that nature, before or after her marriage—and she had been a guide to me in my youth, and I suppose, possessed as great a *sense* of honour as any person I ever knew; but *how* it was I cannot tell: she *fell* into a snare of the *enemy*, and became a prey to the most unaccountable of all vices. There was a young man, that was a most abandoned character, and principle, that was taken into the family, that she was fond of, by some means; and there was a criminal intercourse between them for several months before it was discovered. She was in society, and thought to be very pious, but at last it was mistrusted by some, and a plan laid to detect them, which was accomplished—and when it was proved upon her she gave some marks of penitence, and her husband would have made friends with her,—but when the *devil* gets the advantage of poor infatuated mortals, he

makes the best improvement of it in his power—so it was in this case; for I expect her sorrow was but slight, if she was in the least affected with sorrow—for as soon as she found that Lorenzo and myself had returned to *America*, she laid every plan to make her *escape* with that wretched young man, into the Spanish country, which she affected, and left her husband in a state of mind almost frantic: he had more affection for her than I once thought him capable of. He went after her, and strove to get her to return, but she would not. I do not think there ever was as permanent a union between them as was necessary for happiness. O the *misery* of many that are joined in the holy bands of *matrimony*: for the want of due consideration they rush into that state, and are wretched for life.

When she completed her wicked plan, information was communicated to us—my Lorenzo had left me and started for that country. No one can paint the heart-felt sorrow that I experienced on receiving the information! I felt as though I was deprived of almost all my earthly comfort! I felt I could not believe it possible that she could have acted in that miserable disgraceful manner; but it was even so! Many have been the nights that I have wet my pillow with tears upon her account, but all to no purpose. O that it may be a warning to me to watch and pray, lest I enter into temptation!—Lorenzo went on, and found my poor brother-in-law in a wretched state of mind, and every thing that he had was in a ruinous condition; and

furthermore, they had run so deeply in debt that it was impossible for my brother-in-law to extricate himself from it. He had made a contract with a couple of girls for a tract of land that had a mill seat upon it, and began to build a mill, without a title to the land! When Lorenzo came, he wished Lorenzo to assist him to procure the land, that he might not be in danger of losing his labour. Lorenzo felt a very great reluctance to engage in any thing of the kind, but by the persuasion of friends he was prevailed upon to make a contract with the girls for the land, and likewise paid the old man for his *labour*, as he desired to return to the state of *New-York* again. There was considerable less than one hundred acres, with a log cabin, upon it—he paid him a very enormous price for it, which was a great disadvantage to him, as he was not a man that felt a freedom to have much to do with the world, except when he could not well avoid it. After he had got the place, he scarcely knew what to do with it—the mill was not finished; there was a dam and mill frame, but the dam had broke, and it was uncertain whether it could be made to stand, as the banks of the stream that it was erected on were so subject to wash in times of high-water. There was a man who thought he could make it stand: Lorenzo made an offer to him of the place, if he would take it, and make a mill upon it, he should have one half of the mill: accordingly he undertook, and repaired the dam, so that it sawed some that winter. He intended to tear up the old foundation, and build entirely on another

plan—and was to have the use of the old mill until he should get the other finished.

People in that country appeared anxious that Lorenzo should come to that part of the world, and get a residence: they talked that they would assist us in any thing that we needed; and as Lorenzo thought that it might be best to prepare for sickness, and for whatever might befal us, he concluded to come for me and bring me with him to that country. I had felt a great desire to go to the Missisippi, before my friends had conducted themselves in that wretched way, but now I felt a reluctance to going, for it appeared to me that I could not hold up my head in the place, where my own sister had disgraced herself and me: my heart recoiled at the thought of being a mark, as I knew I must for people to look at, and say, That is a sister to such a woman; and she had been guilty of an odious crime. But as my Lorenzo thought it would be best for me to go, I made no objection. He returned in June to *Cumberland*, in *Virginia*, and we started for the *North*, and went on to *New-York*, where we stayed a few days—and from thence to *Albany*, where Lorenzo left me, and continued his journey on to his father's, in *Connecticut*, being gone six or seven weeks.

I stayed in *Albany* part of the time, and *Troy*, and I also went to see my brother, that lived near *Schenectady!* he did not profess religion, but was friendly to it,—I stayed there a few days.

There was a *Camp-Meeting* within eight or ten miles, where I expected to meet Lorenzo:

my brother and his wife went with me to the place on the commencement of it, and there to my great joy I met my companion, with many others of my acquaintance, that I had been acquainted with many years before. The meeting was attended with good to many—we stayed until the close, and then we went with some very kind friends to *Troy*, who gave Lorenzo a good suit of clothes, and were as affectionate to us as people could be.

My brother-in-law, who came from the Mississippi, had been to the place that he left when we removed to the *South*; was at the meeting, and came down to *Troy* after us, as Lorenzo was to let him have some *books* on the account of his *labour* at the Mississippi; he did so—but this was but the beginning of trouble to us. It gave me inexpressible pain to see the man that I thought had been the cause, in one sense, of the destruction of my poor sister; for he had been an unkind husband in days that were past. Although I could not excuse her, yet I believe if he had done as he ought, she never would have become what she did. But they were not *equally yoked together*: he had some good traits in his character, but he was indolent, and a bad œconomist, consequently kept them behind hand.—She was industrious, and would have managed well, if she had been united to a *man* that would have *stood* in HIS *place*, and *made* her *known* and *kept* her's—for she possessed a turbulent disposition. But he was neither a good husband, nor a good manager; that made her fret at him, and he would not take it from her—thus it was a

means of their living a considerable part of their time in discontent: but after they *both* experienced *religion*, they lived more agreeable, until they removed to the Missisippi, and she fell in with that young man, who proved her ruin.

We parted with our friends at Troy, after getting a small waggon and two horses, and what little we could get together, and started across the country to the *Western waters*, in company with a young man that came with us from *Europe*, and a brother *Valentine* from the state of *New-York*, who wished to go to that country.—We travelled with as little expence as possible, through the state of *Pennsylvania*, and struck the *Ohio river* at *Wheeling*, where we stayed for near two weeks, at a quaker's, who was very kind to me. Lorenzo strove to get a passage in a flat-bottomed boat, where they frequently took horses, carriages, and produce, with families that are wishing to remove to that country—but he could not obtain one that would take his horses, consequently he was under the necessity of taking his horses through by land: he met with a person who was going down the river with a loaded barge to *Natchez*—they engaged to carry me with some trunks, and other baggage. These people were friendly *quakers*, who owned the boat, that Lorenzo had engaged my passage in. But they were not ready to sail for some time, accordingly Lorenzo left me with the young man that came with us from Europe, to go down the river in this boat, while he went on by land. I felt very gloomy to be left among strangers, and to go on board a boat with

a company of men, without one woman for a companion.

But the people in *Wheeling* were very kind to me while I stayed there, after Lorenzo left me, which gave me much satisfaction. They provided me with many necessaries for the voyage, such as sugar, and tea, and other things to make me comfortable, for which may the Lord reward them.

I stayed at *Wheeling* between one and two weeks after Lorenzo left me. In that time the people who owned the boat sold it to a couple of Doctors from *Virginia*, with all that appertained to it; but they made a reserve for me still to go in the boat. This was a very trying time to me: the people that owned the boat, when Lorenzo applied for me to go down in it, were plain quakers, and they promised Lorenzo to take good care of me; but the man that had bought the boat was quite of a different appearance, although he was in a gentleman's garb.—The young man that was with me went as a hand to help work the boat: we went on board at evening—the barge was *laden* with flour and cider, and various kinds of produce that were fitted for the *Natchez*;—there was a small cabin, where there were two births where three or four persons might sleep tolerably comfortable. There I was obliged to rest at night: and there was a small vacancy between this cabin and the other part of the boat, where they had run up a small chimney, where they could cook provisions. In this gloomy situation I was fixed to start for the Missisippi, where I knew I must

meet with many trials if ever I should reach there.

The river, at the time when we started, was very low, and we made but slow progress for many days together. I could not set my foot on land—shut up in a boat, with none but men, and those of that class who neither feared God or man: though they for the most part, treated me with *civility*. None can tell how disagreeable such a situation is, but those who have passed through some things similar.

We left *Wheeling* about the last of October.—The boat stopped at *Lymestone* in *Kentucky* for part of one day and a night: there Lorenzo had some acquaintances; and when they found out that I was on board of this boat, some of them came down to see me, and invited me to go on shore and stay the night, which I accepted with thankfulness.

I had some hope that Lorenzo would arrive there before the boat would start in the morning O how anxiously I looked out for him, but he did not come—and I had to go on board the boat very early in the morning, and continue on my journey with a very heavy heart. My mind was much depressed—the prospects before me were dark, when I should reach my place of destination; and the weather was uncommonly cold for that climate and season.

After being confined on board of a boat for six weeks, we reached the mouth of *Byopeare*, about twelve miles from *Gibson Port*, which was forty miles from *Natchez;* we left the boat, myself and the young man that was with me—took

our things to a public house; but that was ten or twelve miles from the place that we wished to get. I had never been in that country before, but Lorenzo had several times; and hence I had some grounds to expect I should find some friends, as many of them had manifested a desire that I should come to that country: but my sister had conducted in such a manner, that it made my way difficult; and how to get to the neighbourhood that I wished to go to, I did not know.

However, brother *Valentine*, that came with us from the state of New-Nork, travelled by land with Lorenzo, as far as *Lymestone*, and then put his horse on board of a boat, and worked his passage down to the same place that I was at. I landed at night, and he came in the morning; so that I was provided for. We left our things at this public house, and I rode the horse, while he and the young man walked about twelve miles thro' the mud. This was about the twelfth of January. We stayed at *Gibson Port* that night, about four miles from the place where my sister had lived, and brought such a stain on the cause of religion. We were all strangers; but Lorenzo had wrote to some friends that we were coming —and furthermore, he had requested them if I should arrive before him, that they would take care of me until he should come.

We left *Gibson Port* and went to the neighbourhood of the mill, to the house of SAMUEL COBUN. He did not profess religion, though he was very kind and humane; but he had two sisters, that were members of the Methodist church.

He had no wife living, and they lived with him to take care of his family,—they had been friends to my sister, when she first went to that country. They received me, apparently with affection, which was a consolation to my heart; for I expected to meet with many a cool look on the account of my poor unfortunate sister; which I expect I did; but I do not blame them, as it had given them so much pain—but I could not help it—however I stayed at Mr. Cobun's until Lorenzo came; as those that professed religion seemed not to take much notice of me.—When Lorenzo left me at Wheeling, he went on through the states of *Ohio*, *Kentucky*, and *Tenessee*, and so on through the Indian country to the Missisippi territory.

A man that was a Methodist and preached, who had appeared very friendly to Lorenzo in days that were past, to whom Lorenzo had written, and requested him, if I should reach there before him, that this friend would permit me to stay with him until he should arrive! But he did not seem very anxious that I should stay at his house: he came over to Mr. Cobun's, which was six or seven miles, to see me, and requested me to come and see them; as though I had been fixed in a comfortable situation, with every thing that I needed. But it was quite the reverse with me; I had neither house nor friends in that country, without the people chose to befriend me. I was a stranger in a strange land; in the neighbourhood, where my nearest relatives had conducted very improperly, and I expect that was one cause why the friends kept so distant:

however, the family that I was with was very kind! I went once to this friend's house, before Lorenzo arrived, which was somewhere about two weeks; I stayed there one night, and then returned to Mr. Cobun's, where I stayed until Lorenzo came to me.

The winter had been uncommonly severe, and he had a very distressing time through the wilderness, but Providence had brought him through in safety, which was a matter of rejoicing to my poor heart.

The cloud that had been gathering for some time grew darker and darker, so that we scarcely knew which way to turn, or how to extricate ourselves from the difficulties that my imprudent friends had brought us into on every side: they had run into debt to merchants, making the impression, that when Lorenzo came from Europe he would pay all. There was some that had befriended them on Lorenzo's account; these he felt it was his duty to compensate, which he did. My brother-in-law had made a contract with some people in that country for a tract of land, on which was a mill-seat; and without any title whatever, before we returned from Europe he went to building a mill, which involved them still deeper in debt; and, after Lorenzo returned from Europe and went to that country, which had been nearly twelve months after, and finding him in such a distressed situation, that he, out of pity, stept in to assist him as a kind of mediator, they cast the whole burthen on his shoulders, which proved a heavy one to Lorenzo.

We arrived there in January,—we had a couple of tolerable good horses and a small waggon, and some money; but we were under the necessity of parting with them, and what little money we had was soon gone. The old mill-frame, which was all that was done to the mill, Lorenzo let a man take on such terms as these—that he might undertake to build a mill, if he chose, without any more expense to Lorenzo; and if he could make one stand Lorenzo should be entitled to one half.

We stayed with a family near the *mill frame* from March until July; in this time I was taken sick with the fever that is common in that country, on the day that Lorenzo had resolved to prepare to start for Georgia, and my life was despaired of; and the people that had appeared so desirous that we should come to that country, forsook us; and had not the man that was styled a *Deist*, that first received me into his house, befriended us now, I know not what I should have done—his two sisters, Elizabeth and Ann Cobun, were friends indeed: Ann stayed with me night and day for about three weeks, and then we were under the necessity of removing from this house some where else; and where to go we could not tell!

However, Mr. Coburn gave us permission to come and stay at his house as long as we chose; but I was so low at that time that I could not sit up at all. They sewed some blankets together over a frame, similar to a bier to carry the dead, and layed a bed upon it, and laid me thereon,

and two blackmen conveyed me to his house, which was perhaps a mile.

The next day Lorenzo was taken very ill also. There we were both confined to our beds, unable to help each other to as much as a drink of water. At that time Lorenzo could not have commanded one *dollar*, to have procured so much as a little medicine.

This was a trying time; and when the storm would be over we could not tell—but the Lord supported us under these distressing circumstances, or we must have sunk beneath the weight. Forever praised be the adored name of our great Benefactor for all his mercies unto us.

My fever began to abate, but Lorenzo grew worse; and it was doubtful which way it would terminate with him. O the anguish of heart I felt at this trying juncture! I was still so low that I could not sit up but very little, nor walk without assistance, and we were altogether dependent on others for the necessaries of life.—Lorenzo appeared to be fast approaching to eternity, but after some weeks he began to gain a little, so that he was able to ride a few miles at a time, and we then removed to brother *Randal Gibson's*, where we stayed a few days. I was still unable to work, as I then had the common ague and fever; which kept me very weak and feeble. After staying there for some time, perhaps two weeks, we returned to friend *Baker's*, near the mill. Lorenzo held meetings as much as he was able, and perhaps more, although he was so weak in body and depressed in mind, he did not slack his labours, but preached frequently

sitting or laying down. There was a young man, who died about six or seven miles from where we then were, desired Lorenzo should preach his *funeral:* he was still very feeble, but wished to be of some use to his fellow mortals, the few days he might have to stay in this world of woe.

He started soon in the morning to attend the *funeral*, and brother *Baker* with him. This was on *Sunday;* he preached to a crouded congregation, with considerable liberty; the people were tender and attentive. After the conclusion of the ceremony, he started to return to brother *Baker's*, where he had left me, and had rode but a few miles before he was taken suddenly ill, and would have fallen from his horse, if friend *Baker* had not saw that something was the matter; and being active, he sprang from his horse, and caught him before he fell to the ground; and as it happened they were near a small cabin, that was occupied by a man that professed religion. They conveyed him into it senseless, and so he continued for some time; and when he came to *himself*, he was in the most excruciating pain imaginable. They gave him a large quantity of laudanum, which gave him some little relief; but he could not be removed from that place.

Brother *Baker* stayed with him until nearly night, and then came home. I had become very uneasy in my mind on his account, as he did not return according to my expectation; when this friend came and told me Lorenzo's situation,—my heart trembled lest I should be called

to relinquish my claim, and resign him up to the pale messenger. It made me cry mightily to God to give me strength to say, "The will of the Lord be done." I had no reason to doubt, if the great Master saw it best to remove him from this region of pain, he would be conveyed by angelic bands to the realms of peace and happiness, where he would have to suffer no more pain and affliction, neither of body or mind;—but it was a task too hard for me to accomplish, without the immediate assistance of the Friend of sinners.

I slept but little that night, and early the next morning the friend at whose house Lorenzo was, came with two horses to take me to him—when I arrived there, I found him in a very distressed situation; he could not be moved in any position whatever, without the greatest pain; he could lie no way, except on his back, and in this position he lay for ten days. The disorder was in his left side, and across his bowels; I was apprehensive it would terminate in a mortification, and others, I believe, were of the same opinion. One day we thought he was dying, the whole day; he was unable to speak for the greater part of the day. My mind was in such a state of anxiety as I had never experienced before—however, that appeared to be the turning point—for the next day he was something better, and continued to mend slowly; and in a few days he had gained so much strength as to ride about a mile to a quarterly meeting—and a precious time it was to me, and many others.

O what an indulgent parent we have to rely

upon! May my heart ever feel sensations of gratitude to that God who hath cleared my way through storms of affliction, and various other difficulties.

I had not recovered my health fully at this time. The people, it appeared to me, were almost tired of us in every direction. I was unable to labour for a living, and Lorenzo was so feeble in body that he could preach but little; consequently we were entirely dependent on others for a subsistence.

We continued in the neighbourhood where Lorenzo had been sick, and that of the mill, until the first of *January*, and then we left that part for a friend's house, twelve or fourteen miles off; their house was small, and family large, which made it very inconvenient to them and us, although they were very kind and friendly.

Our situation at this time was truly distressing—we scarcely knew which way to turn.—Lorenzo concluded it was best to strive to prepare some place as a shelter from the storms that appeared to have come to such a pitch, as not to admit of rising much higher. Sickness and poverty had assailed us on every side; and many, such as had professed to be our friends, forsook us in that country as well as in the states. It was circulating through many parts that we were at that time rolling in riches, surrounded with plenty. The old mill-frame (for it was never finished) had made such a noise in the world, that many had been led to believe that we possessed a large *plantation*, with an elegant *house*, and other necessary appurtenances, together

with two or three *mills*, and a number of *slaves*, beside *money* at interest. Whilst this was carried from *east* to *west*, and from *north to south*, and the people supposing that Lorenzo had ranged the wide fields of *America*, and also of *Europe*, to gather up worldly treasure, and had gone to the *Missisippi* to enjoy it, would of course make a very *unfavourable* impression on their minds, as it related to his *motives* in travelling in such an irregular manner as he had done.

We were, as I observed before, in quite a different situation—without house or home, or any thing of consequence that we could call our own.

There was a tract of land, lying in the midst of a thick *Cane-brak*, on which was a beautiful spring of water, breaking out at the foot of a large hill, which some person had told Lorenzo of: the soil belonged to the *United States*, and the cane was almost impenetrable, from thirty to forty feet high; and likewise it was inhabited by *wild* BEASTS of *prey*, of various kinds, and serpents of the most poisonous nature. Notwithstanding these gloomy circumstances, Lorenzo got a man to go with him to look at it, to see if it would do for an asylum for us to fly to, provided we could get a little cabin erected near the spring. After he had taken a survey of the place, he concluded to make a trial, and employed a man accordingly to put up a small log *cabin*, within ten or twelve feet of the spring, which he did, after cutting down the cane for to set it—a way was made through from a public road to the spot, so that we could ride on horseback or on foot. We obtained a few utensils

for keeping house, and in *March* we removed to our little place of residence, in the wilderness, or rather it appeared like the habitation of some *exiles*;—but it was a sweet place to me—I felt I was at home, and many times the Lord was precious to my soul.

There was a man who had resided in *Philadelphia*, and by some means had got involved in debt, and left there to reside in this country. He had a wife and one child: once he had belonged to the Methodist Society, and then backslid; but after he came to that country he was brought into trying circumstances, which brought him to reflect on his present situation; and meeting with Lorenzo in this time, there began some intimacy between them on this occasion: after this he wished to return to *Philadelphia* for a short time, and wanted some place for his wife to stay at while he should be gone; consequently he requested us to let her stay with us at our little cabin, which was agreed to—she came, and this made up our little family. She was a peaceable, friendly woman, and we spent the time quite agreeably; although we were left by ourselves for days together, Lorenzo being frequently called from home, to attend meetings, and to procure the necessaries of life!

The people were much surprised when they came to our little residence, how we came to fix on such a lonely place as this to retreat to!—This is a proof, that experience teaches more than otherwise we could learn: we had felt the want of a home in the time of trouble and sickness. This was a pleasant retreat to us: the

wilderness appeared almost like a paradise to me! There were but two ways we could get to our neighbours, the nearest of which was more than half a mile, and the way so intricate, that it would be almost impossible for any one to find it, or get through either place in the night.

We stayed there for near four months; in that time Lorenzo preached as much as his strength would admit. We were some times very closely run to get what was necessary to make us comfortable; yet I felt quite contented. I had in a good degree regained my health, so that I was able to labour, and I strove to do all that I could for a living, although my situation was such, that I could not do as much as I wished; but the Lord provided for us, beyond what we could have expected. We did not know how long we should stay in that place,—we had no other alternative but to stay there, until Providence should open some other way.

The man that had left his wife with us, and started for the city of *Philadelphia*, went as far as the falls of *Ohio*, and got discouraged, and getting into a boat, he returned to us in the cane: there we had an addition to our family, this man, and his wife, and child. The chief of the burthen fell to my lot, to do for them and ourselves, which Lorenzo thought was too much for me to go through with—and the man seemed not to give himself much concern about it, his wife being in a situation that would require more attention than I should be able to give, we tho't it was best to make our way to the States, if possible; as we had been defeated in almost ev-

ery thing that we had undertaken in that country. Accordingly, Lorenzo made some arrangements to prepare to leave it. He let the man that was with us, have possession of the house and spring, and what little we had for family use, as it relates to house-keeping, and took a horse for the intended journey. We left the peaceful retreat of the spring, where I had enjoyed some refreshings from the presence of the Lord; and was again cast on the world, without any thing to depend upon but Providence. However, he had never forsaken us: his power and willingness to save all that trust in him was still the same; and as he had promised that he would be with us in six troubles, and in the seventh that he would not forsake us: so it proved in the end. We left the little cabin on Sunday morning, to attend an appointment that Lorenzo had given out, twelve or fourteen miles distance from there, on horseback, where we arrived in time—he preached to an attentive congregation: this was about six miles from *Cobun's*, where we had found an asylum in days that was past:—we left the place where the meeting was held, and started for Mr. *Cobun's*, but we lost our way, by taking a foot-path that we supposed was nearer, and wandered in the woods until almost night, before we came to the place that we were in pursuit of; but at last we got to the place, where we met with sister *Cobun*, and with brother *Valentine*, who had been back to the state of *New-York* for his family, and had arrived here a few weeks previous.

We did not intend to stay in the country any

longer than we could make the necessary arrangements for our journey through the wilderness to Georgia. Lorenzo turned every way that he could, to obtain what was necessary, and had got all ready to start, our clothes and every thing being packed up, we concluded to attend a camp-meeting about six miles from the neighbourhood of the old mill-frame, and then continue on our journey: but Providence seemed not to favour our intentions at that time, for I was taken sick, and unable to travel—consequently, Lorenzo was under the necessity of leaving me behind, and going through without me,—but he stayed for several weeks longer, until I had in some degree recovered my health.—He had made some preparations for me to be provided for in his absence. Brother *Valentine* had erected a small log-house on public ground, near the mill-frame, and contiguous to the little tract that Lorenzo still retained of perhaps five-and-twenty acres. This house, in conjunction with the sister *Cobuns*, he obtained from Mr. *Valentine*, for us to reside in, while he should take a tour through the States.

He had let another man have a part of the right that he still held in the mill, if ever it should be made to do any business; consequently, this left him but one fourth, and that was in a state of uncertainty, whether it would ever be of any use to him, which the sequel has since proved to be the case.

About this time my poor unfortunate sister finished her career, and was called to a world of spirits, to give an account for the deeds done

in the body! I felt very awful when I first heard the news—but I considered that we had done all in our power to bring her back to the paths of rectitude. Lorenzo had seen her three times; the first, on purpose—the second, on the road—the third, she came to meeting thirty miles to see *me*, but I was not there—and strove by every argument to prevail on her to come to us, and, forsake the ways of vice and strive to seek her soul's salvation, and we would strive to do the part of children by her. But she would not—alledging that she could not bear the scoffs of her acquaintance. When Lorenzo found that she was determined to stay with the person that she had apostatized for, he told her to read the counsel of *Jeremiah* to *Zedekiah*, on their *last* interview, and look at the sequel, and make the *application*, at which she wept as they parted. This was the last time that he ever saw her; she was taken sick shortly after, and *died* in a strange land, without a friend to drop a tear of compassion over her in her last moments! The person that had been her seduder went on like one *distracted*—his wickedness and evil conduct, no doubt, stared him in the face, when he reflected that he had been the cause of one, who had once enjoyed the Divine favour, losing that blessing, and falling into sin of such an enormous nature as she had been guilty of—and I know not but *he* might have been the *cause* of her *sudden* departure; but I leave that until the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed!

She was interred in a lonely place, where,

perhaps, in a few years the spot of earth cannot be found, that contains her ashes.

O that this may be a *warning* to all that may peruse this short account of the *fall* of one that might have proved a blessing to *society*, and a *comfort* to her *friends*, if she had kept at the *feet* of her SAVIOUR, and attended to the *dictates* of that SPIRIT which teaches *humility*.

I was much afflicted on the account of my poor sister—she had lain near my heart: but I was enabled to give her up, knowing that she was gone to a *Just Tribunal*, and her state unalterably fixed. What remained for *me* to do, was, to strive to make *my* way safely through a tempestuous world, to a glorious *eternity*.

Lorenzo had made the necessary preparations for me to stay with the sister *Cobuns*, and for him to take his departure for the States, not expecting to return in less than twelve months;—this was something of a cross to me, as he was still considerably afflicted in body, and to appearance, would never enjoy health again. But I was supported under it, so that I felt in a great measure resigned to this dispensation also. I was supplied with what I needed to make me comfortable.

I had *joined society* when I first came to this country, within a mile of the place I then lived. I lived in great harmony with my two companions that Lorenzo had left me with, while he had gone to visit the States once more. I attended meeting regular every week, and had many precious times to my soul. I had some trials to encounter, but the Lord was my helper.

and brought me through them all. I was desirous to return to some part of the States, if Providence should spare Lorenzo, and he should again come back to me in safety.

He left me in October. I spent that winter and the next summer, as agreeably as I had done such a length of time in almost any situation that I had been placed in for several years; at the same time these people that had pretended a great deal of friendship to us in former times, were quite distant: however, this affected me but little, as I had learned in some degree this lesson, that our happiness does not depend on the smiles or frowns of the world; but we must have peace in our own breast, or we can find it no where else.

I lived quite retired from the world, with a few exceptions: I seldom went out but to meeting—there I found most peace and consolation. Thus I continued to spend my time, until the period that Lorenzo was to return.

I received a letter from him, to meet him about twelve miles from where I then was, where he had sent an appointment to preach.—This was pleasing intelligence to me, as I had then been separated from him for near twelve months.

I went the day before the time appointed for him to arrive at the place; and the day that he came I was again attacked with the ague and fever, which I had never escaped for one summer while I was in that country. The *ague* had left me, and the *fever* was tolerable high, when it was observed by some of the family that Lo-

renzo was come! My heart leaped for joy at the sound of his name. We met, after having been separated for twelve months and six days. I felt some degree of gratitude to our great Preserver, that he had brought us through many dangers and difficulties, which we had met with during our separation.

We intended to return to the States, as soon as we could get prepared. There was a large congregation attended to hear Lorenzo preach; and it was a solemn, melting time among the people! after meeting we started for the place that I had made my home in his absence. Although I was quite unwell, in consequence of having a fit of the ague the day before, we rode twelve miles, in company with several friends that had come from the neighbourhood to meet him.

It was ten o'clock before we reached our destination: however, we were very much rejoiced to have the privilege of joining our hearts and voices in prayer and praise to that God who had prolonged our lives, and brought us to meet again on mortal shores. The next day I had a very sick day—the *ague* came on more severely than it was the day that Lorenzo came back! He wished to make ready to leave the territory, and I was anxious to go with him, as I could not enjoy health in that country. I made use of some means to get rid of the ague, and it had the desired effect, so that after a few days I got something better, and in about two or three weeks I was able to start on our journey through the wilderness to *Georgia*.

Lorenzo had intended to have stayed longer than he did when he returned, and had given out a chain of appointments through the country; but reflecting that the winter *rains* might come on, and make it impossible for me to get through the long and tedious wilderness that we had to travel—consequently, he attended but one or two of these appointments, and recalled the rest, and started for *Natchez*, where we got what was necessary for our journey, and from thence we made the best of our way to the wilderness, although our friends expected us to have returned and bid them *farewell*, and I myself expected to have seen them again before I left that country; but it was otherwise ordered, for I saw them no more; and I do not know that I ever shall, until we meet in eternity. May God help us so to live, that we may join the *blood-washed throng*, in the mansions of endless day.

We reached the outskirts of the settlements of *Natchez* on the third day after we left the city. It was something late in the day before we left the last house inhabited by white people, and entered the vast wilderness. This was a new scene to me, such as I had never met with before. My heart trembled at the thought of sleeping out in this desert place, with no company but my husband: however, a little before sun-set we came to a place where we could get *water* and plenty of *cane* for our horses. There we stopped for the night, built a *fire*, and cut a quantity of cane for to last our horses through the night; after that we prepared our supper.

which consisted of *coffee* and hard *biscuit*, which we had brought from the settlements with us.—We had no tent to screen us from the inclement weather, but we had blankets on which we slept, which made us tolerable comfortable when the weather was clear. We lay down, after having prepared a quantity of wood for the night; but it was a gloomy night to me, it being the first time that I ever had been in the like circumstances; and to look up and see the wide extended concave of heaven bespangled with stars, without any covering, it was truly majestic. Yet to consider we were in a lonely desert, uninhabited by any creature but *wild beasts* and *savages*, made me feel very much alarmed, and I slept but little, while Lorenzo was quite happy and composed; as he observed, he had never been so well pleased with his situation in travelling through this wild unfrequented part of the country before; and this was the tenth time that he had passed through it, in the space of nine or ten years!

We met with no molestation through the night, and as soon as day dawned we started on and travelled until late breakfast time, when we stopped, struck up a fire, and prepared some refreshment, and fed our horses, and then continued on our journey.

We travelled near forty miles that day: it was quite dark before we got to *Pearl River*, which we had to cross in a ferry boat, and stay at a house, such as it was, that belonged to a *Half Breed*, during the night. I was very much fatigued, but rested tolerable well.

In the morning we started by ourselves soon after we had got some refreshment, and travelled on through the day until towards evening, when we met a company of *Indians*, who had been preparing their camp for the night. This struck me with some considerable dread, and to add to that we had to cross a dreadful slough, called by travellers, "*hell hole.*" This place consisted of thin mud, so that horses after they were stripped of saddle and harness, could swim through; and then it was necessary that some one should be on the other side, so as to prevent horses from running away. But we had no one with us to assist, and we could not tell what we should do: yet so it happened, the Indians had made a temporay *bridge* of *poles* and *canes*, to get their horses over, which served for us to get over upon also.

We were then under the necessity of preparing for the night, as it was almost sun-set, and we were not more than half a mile from the Indian's camp, which was quite alarming to me; but there was no alternative, there we must stay. Accordingly, Lorenzo made a good fire, and provided a plenty of cane for our horses, and made ready our little repast; by this time it was dark—we then lay down to try to compose ourselves to rest; but my mind was too much occupied by gloomy reflections to sleep, while I could hear Indian's dogs barking, and the horses' bells gingle, although it was a beautiful night. The moon shone through the trees with great splendour, and the stars twinkling around; and if my mind had been in a right frame, it would

have been a beautiful prospect to me, but I was so much afraid, that it quite deprived me of any satisfaction, while Lorenzo would have slept sweetly if I had not been so fearful, and frequently disturbed him—I longed for day-light to appear; and as soon as it dawned we started and travelled a long and tedious day still, in this dreary wilderness. We expected to have got to a man's house, living on the *Chickasaha River*, who had an Indian family, before night; accordingly we came to a creek, which Lorenzo took to be that river: I felt very much rejoiced, as I hoped to find a house which we could have the privilege of sleeping in—but we were disappointed in our expectation—for when we got over the creek we found there an Indian village: we enquired how far it was to this man's house, they told us by signs it was ten miles, and it was now almost sun-set. We started on again, and went perhaps half a mile, when the path became divided into so many little divisions, that we could not tell which to take. Lorenzo went back to an Indian's house, and requested an old Indian to go and pilot us to *Nales*—the old man hesitated at first, but after understanding that he should be well paid, he took his blanket and wrapping it about his head, he started on before us, and we followed after—by this time it was almost sunset, but we kept on: there was a moon, though it was obscured by a thin cloud, so that it was not of so much use to us as it would otherwise have been. We had not got more than three miles from the Indian's house before it was quite dark—I was very much afraid

of our pilot; I strove to lift my heart to God for protection, and felt in some degree supported.—Our way lay through a large swamp, intermixed with cane, which made it appear very gloomy; but our pilot was almost equal to a wolf to find his way through this wild unfrequented spot of the earth—he could wind about and keep the path where I would have thought it was almost impassible; but having travelled until ten or eleven o'clock, we arrived at the river: but how to get across, that was the next difficulty—we must cross a ferry, and the boat was on the other side—Lorenzo requested the old Indian to go over and fetch it, but he would not move one step until he promised him more money: this was the second or third time he had raised his wages after he started, to keep him on, until we could reach the place that we wished for. However, after he found that he would get more money, he started, and went up the river, and found some way across: in a short time he had the boat over, and we went into it with our horses, and the old man set us over. This was perhaps eleven o'clock at night—we came to the house—the family was gone to bed, but the woman got up, and although she was *half Indian*, she treated me with more attention than many would have done that had been educated among the more refined inhabitants of the earth!!

I felt quite comfortable, and slept sweetly through the remainder part of the night. In the morning we started again, being then near thirty miles from the settlements of *Tombigby*. We passed through some delightful country that

day, and about two or three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the first house that was inhabited by white people. It made my heart rejoice to meet again with those that spoke a language which I understood—and above all, to find some that loved the Lord !

Lorenzo held several meetings in this neighbourhood that were profitable, I trust, to some. We stayed here two nights, and a good part of three days, when we took our leave of them, and departed on our journey through the settlements of *Bigby*, which extends seventy or eighty miles in length, through a rich and fertile soil. The settlements were flourishing, and the people in some parts hospitable. We arrived at Fort *St. Stephen's*, situated on the *Tombigby* river—it is on an eminence, and makes a handsome appearance, although it is but small. The river is navigable up to this place. It is a beautiful river; the water is as clear as chrystal, and the land very fertile—well situated for cultivation. This will be a delightful country, no doubt, in time !

We got fresh supplies at this place, and made but a few hours stop before we started on our journey, and crossed the river in a ferry-boat,—this was after twelve o'clock—we travelled until late, and came to a small cabin, where we got permission to stay for the night, which we did. In the morning we started very early—saw some scattering houses, and at night we got to the *Allabama* river, where there was a ferry, kept by a man who was a mixture, where we stayed that night. This river is beautiful, almost be-

yond description. On it s pleasant bank stood Fort *Mims*, that has since been destroyed by the savage *Creek Indians*, with those that fled to it for protection!

We were now in the bounds of the *Creek* nation: we were still without any company.—This day we struck the *road* that had been cut out by the order of the *President*, from the state of *Georgia* to Fort *Stoddard*. This made it more pleasant travelling, and then we frequently met people removing from the States to the *Tombigby*, and other parts of the Missisippi territory.

We travelled betwixt thirty and forty miles that day, and came to a creek called *Murder* creek: it got this name in consequence of a man having been murdered there. This circumstance made it appear very gloomy to me. But we made the necessary preparations for the night, and lay down to rest: although I was so much afraid, I got so weary at times, that I could not help *sleeping*. About twelve o'clock it began to rain so fast, that it was like to put out our fire, and we were under the necessity of getting our horses and starting, as we had nothing to screen us from the rain. The road having been newly cut out, the fresh marked trees served for a *guide*—there was a moon, but it was shut in by clouds. However, we travelled on ten or twelve miles and it ceased raining: I was very wet and cold, and felt the need of a fire, more perhaps, than I had ever done in my life before!

At last we came in sight of a *camp*, which would have made my heart glad, but I feared

lest it was *Indians;* yet to my great satisfaction, when we came to it we found an old man and boy, with what little they possessed, going to the country that we had left behind, and had encamped in this place, and with their blankets had made a comfortable tent, and had a good fire. This was very refreshing to us, as we were much fatigued. We made some coffee, and dried our clothes a little—by this time it was daylight; we then started on our way again. I thought my situation had been as trying as almost could be, but I found that there was others who were worse off than myself.

We came across a family who were moving to the Missisippi—they had a number of small children; and although they had something to cover them like a tent, yet they suffered considerably from the rain the night before; and to add to that, the woman told me they had left an aged father at a man's house by the name of *Manack*, one or two days before, and that she expected he was dead perhaps by that time. They were as black almost as the *natives*, and the woman seemed very much disturbed at their situation. I felt to pity her—I thought her burthen was really heavier than mine. We kept on, and about the middle of the day we got to the house where the poor man had been left with his wife, son, and daughter. A few hours before we got there he had closed his eyes in death—they had laid him out, and expected to bury him that evening; but they could not get any thing to make a *coffin* of, only split stuff to make a kind of a box, and so put him in the ground!

I thought this would have been such a distress to me, had it been my case, that it made my heart ache for the old lady. But I found that she was of that class of beings that could not be affected with any thing so much as the loss of property; for she began immediately to calculate the *expense* they had been at by this detention—and I do not recollect that I saw her shed one tear on the occasion.

We stayed but a short time and continued on our journey. There we got a supply of bread, such as it was; and there we met with three men that were travelling our road, the first company that we had found since we left the Missisippi, being now not more than one third of the way through the *Creek nation.* We left this place betwixt one and two o'clock.

I was very glad of some company, for we had been very lonely before. We travelled on without any thing particular occurring for three days, until we arrived at the *Chattahochy* river, where we met with some difficulty in getting over, as the boat was gone. This was early in the morning, before sun rise, that we came to the river; and there we were detained until ten o'clock, and then had to hire an *Indian* to take a canoe, and first carry our baggage over, and then swim our horses over. This hindered us until near eleven o'clock before we got ready to start again. We were in hopes of getting to *Hawkings*, the agents, that night—but being so long detained at the river, we were obliged to stay at an *Indian's camp*, our company having stopped before.

I had got a fall from my horse and hurt myself considerable; and I was as much fatigued and worn out by travelling as ever I was in my life. I thought sometimes that I never should stand it, to get through the wilderness—but Providence gave me strength of body beyond what I could have expected. We left the Indian's camp in the morning, and reached Col. Hawking's that night.

This was within about thirty miles of the settlements of *Georgia*. I felt grateful to the God of all grace, for his tender care over us, while in this dreary part of the land—where our ears had been saluted by the hideous yells of the *wolf*—and had been surrounded by the savages, more wild and fierce than they; and yet we were preserved from all danger, and brought through in safety.

We got to the river that divides the state of *Georgia* from the Indian boundaries, about three or four o'clock, and got into the white settlements, which was very satisfactory to me. We got to a friend's house that night about dark, where we were received kindly! This was like a cordial to my heart, as it had been a long time since I had met with a friend.

We stayed that night with them, and the next day we got to a friend's house within twelve or fourteen miles from *Milledgeville*, the metropolis of *Georgia*. There Lorenzo had left a small waggon, six weeks or two months before—here he exchanged the two horses we had for one that would work in a carriage, and went on to *Milledgeville*, where we stayed about a week—

and found many kind friends. This was sometime in December.

While we were here the *earthquakes* began, which alarmed the people very much. It was truly an awful scene, to feel the house shaking under you as sensibly as you could feel the motion of a vessel, when it was moving over the water; and the trees as it were *dancing* on the hills—all nature seemed in commotion. This was enough to make the stoutest heart to tremble! But when the people get so hardened, that mercies nor judgments cannot move them, we may conclude they are in a bad way! This is the case with too many. O that the day would arrive, when the inhabitants of the earth would love and serve the Lord!

We left *Milledgeville*, and went to a friend's house, where I stayed three or four weeks, while Lorenzo travelled the upper counties, and thro' the New Purchase—and offered free salvation to crowded congregations. He then returned to where I was, and we started on our journey to *Virginia*. Lorenzo preached at several places before we got to *Louisville*, and had a chain of appointments given out, which extended to *North-Carolina*. We came to *Louisville*, intending to stay only a few days; but there came on such a *rain*, that it raised the water-courses to such a degree, that it was impossible for us to travel for near two weeks—this brought him behind his appointments: but it gave him an opportunity of preaching to the people in *Louisville* a number of times.

As soon as we could get along we started, and

with some difficulty we overtook the appointments—but not without disappointing three or four congregations. We travelled on from *Georgia* to *Carolina* in the cold inclement weather, such as we have in January and February; and Lorenzo preached once and twice in the day—the people seemed quite attentive all the way that we came.

I was very anxious to get to *Lynchburg*, as we had some thoughts of striving to get a small house built there, that we might have a place of retreat in case of necessity—Lorenzo still expecting to travel and preach as long as his strength would admit. But we intended to go on to *Connecticut*, to his father's, where I expected to have stayed for some time, and then return to *Lynchburg*; but the Providence of God seemed not to favour our design.

We arrived in *Lynchburg* about the seventeenth of March, where we calculated to stay but a few days, and then go on to his father's—after making some preparations for building our little house. However, we had not been in *Lynchburg* but about one week, before I was taken very ill, and confined to my bed, attended by two doctors, *Jennings* and *Owen*, who said my affliction was an inflammation of the liver—which confined me for three months to my bed, and was expected to die. However, after having gone through a course of physic, I got so as to be able to sit up and ride a little; but was very feeble. My sickness had detained Lorenzo from going to the North, as he had intended,—and after counting the expence of building, he

found that it would not be in his power to accomplish his design in building a house, without involving himself in debt, which he was not willing to do—accordingly he gave it up, and concluded still to continue as we had been, without house or home, and leave the event in the hand of Providence; knowing we had been provided for all our lives, from a never-failing source—and we felt willing in some degree to trust HIM still!

We were still at *Lynchburg;* and had been there for more than three months—and the friends were very kind to me in my sickness.

Lorenzo wished to take me to his father's; but my health was in such a state that it was impossible for me to travel.

There was a man who lived in *Buckingham* county, about five-and-twenty miles from *Lynchburg*—we had but a small acquaintance with him: he, coming to *Lynchburg*, saw Lorenzo, and invited him to come and stay at his house a while. He told him he had no objections, but was thankful to him for his kindness, though he saw no way of conveyance. Mr. *John M. Walker*, for that was his name, told him he would send his carriage for me the next week, which he did, and we went to his house. This was a kind family. I had not been there but a little more than a week, before I was again confined to my bed—and it was expected that I must die. They gave every attention to me they could have done had I been their own child—may the great Master reward them in this world with every

needed blessing, and in the world to come, a crown of never-fading glory.

My Lorenzo attended me day and night almost from this time, until near Christmas. By this time I had got a little better, so as to be taken and wrapped in blankets and put into a close carriage, and carried about half a mile to another dear friend's house, *Major William Duval*, where I was treated as if I had been a near relation—and provided with every thing necessary to make me comfortable; and they wished me to stay with them all the winter. This was matter of thankfulness to us.

I had got so as to walk about my room a little—and Lorenzo, wishing to take a tour to the North, he made the necessary arrangements, and about the twenty-fifth of December he left me and started to *Richmond*, on his way to the city of *Washington*, where he stayed for some time, and then on to *New-York;* and so on to his *father's*, in *Connecticut*.

He expected to return in March, but did not until May. I stayed at brother *Duval's*, partaking of their hospitality, until some time in March, when brother Walker's family seemed so solicitous that I should go to their house again, and sister Walker coming in her carriage herself, she being very delicate too—I concluded to go.—The old gentleman not being at home at the time, or I expect he would not have consented for me to have left his house, until Lorenzo returned!

I feel under greater obligations to that dear family than I can express. His wife was a love-

ly woman. May the Lord reward them—for it is not in my power!

I went home with sister Walker. I was at this time much better, but in a few days after I had got to brother Walker's I was again attacked with my old complaint, a pain in my side very severe. I applied to the remedies that had been made use of, and that was bleeding and blistering, but to little purpose apparently.

I felt very much discouraged; as I thought it was more than probable that my time would be but short in this world of woe—and I wished much to see my companion once more in time—but strove to be resigned to the will of the Lord.

My cry was—Lord, help me to be willing to suffer all thy goodness sees best to inflict. My pain was at times very severe, and then I would get a little relief. I was taken about the twenty-seventh of March, but three or four days later than it was the Spring before, when I was first attacked.

I had received letters from Lorenzo, which informed me that he could not get back before May. My strength was continually declining; and to appearance, I would shortly be an inhabitant of the other world. My mind was variously exercised—it was sometimes cast down, and at other times much comforted. This long and tedious sickness taught me a great lesson, as it related to the uncertainty of earthly enjoyments than any thing that I had met with before. My desire for temporalities was gone—at least any more than was strictly necessary to make me comfortable—and the Lord that cared for us had

provided me with the kindest friends, where I was treated with the greatest attention.

Lorenzo returned in May, as he had wrote me he should. I was at that time unable to get out of my bed without assistance. I had wrote to him to *New-York*, before I got so bad, that I was threatened with another attack. He had made all the speed that he could, and the day that he got to the place where I was, he travelled near seventy miles.

I was much rejoiced to see him once more—the God of all grace had granted my request, and returned him in safety to me again. He stayed with me for several weeks, and every means was made use of to restore me to health that could be—but they all seemed to prove abortive. Dr. *Jennings* saw me several times after my last attack, and advised the use of *mercury*, as the only remedy that could be of any service to me. I followed his advice, and was reduced very low, from the disorder and medicine together—so that it was thought by all who saw me, that I must die.

I strove to sink into the will of God; knowing whatever was best for me would be given—yet I could not divest myself of a desire to get well, and live a little longer: not to enjoy what is commonly called the pleasures of the world, for my prospects were but small at that time—but to live more to the glory of God, and be better prepared to join the blood-washed company above, when I should be called for.

Lorenzo had at this time gone to the low lands, to fulfil some appointments which had been giv-

en out by some of the preachers, which took him about three weeks. I was very ill while he was gone—about the time that he returned I began to mend a little, so that I could set up in the bed The Doctor had advised Lorenzo to carry me to the *White Sulphur Springs*, as it was the most likely means to restore my health. After a few weeks, I had got so as to be taken and put into a chair and carried as far as *Lynchburg*, to Doctor *Jennings*. We had then a chair and horse of our own—but our horse's back had got injured, so that we were under the necessity of staying in Lynchburg until he should get well, so that we could get on to the Springs.

We were detained for some time before our horse got so that we could use him. I still was very feeble in body—I could not walk one hundred yards without assistance. Our horse had been kept quite high for near three weeks, and his back had got tolerable well; so that we were about to make a start, and try to get on to the Springs—but although our horse had brought Lorenzo all the way from New-England, and down to the Low Lands of *Virginia* and the *Carolinas*, and back again to *Buckingham*, and from there to *Lynchburg* in the chair, and appeared very gentle; yet when he put him in the chair to prepare to start for the Springs, he began to act like as if he was frightened, and we were apprehensive he could not be managed by him, considering my weak and helpless state; and the road through which we must travel was very rough and mountainous, consequently he sold him on the spot, and hired a hack from a quaker

living in that place: he paid four dollars a-day for the use of it for ten days, besides bearing all the expenses. We left *Lynchburg* in the morning, and went the first day to *New-London*, about fifteen miles, and I stood the travel much better than I expected I could. There Lorenzo preached to the people, as he had some appointments sent on before him; and we stayed all night. The next day we went to Liberty, where he had another appointment—and from there we went to a friend's house, where we were treated kindly—and they called in some of their neighbours, and we had a comfortable little meeting.

The next day to *Fincastle*, where we stayed all night, and Lorenzo preached twice. We were now within a few miles of the mountains, which was in some places so craggy and steep, that it was with difficulty we could ascend them; and then we would come into a valley, where the soil would appear as charming and beautiful as the mountains were rugged and barren. We travelled on, and met with nothing particular until we arrived at the Springs whither we were bound.

The Springs are situated in Greenbrier county, about three miles the other side of the Allegany mountain, and from Lynchburg upward of one hundred miles. It is a pleasant place where the man lives who has rented the Springs, and has built a number of cabins, perhaps fifty or sixty; and they were placed in a regular form, and the yard inclosed, and a beautiful grass plot with

handsome shade trees, for the accommodation of those that attend the Springs.

They have a large house that stands near the centre, where the boarders dine, &c.

We went there, but the person that had hired the springs would not take us in! he pretended they were so full, that they could not. But they took more after we went there than they had before. But we got in at a house perhaps a mile from the spring. I was better satisfied with this situation than I would have been at the place—for I could have the water brought twice in the day; and there I was in a more retired place. I stayed there near three weeks. Lorenzo was there part of the time, and part of the time he was travelling through the neighbourhoods and preaching to the people. He held several meetings at the springs, by the request of those that were attending there. There was persons from various parts: some for *pleasure*, and others for the restoration of *health*:—they were people that moved in the higher circle, and were very gay—but they were quite attentive when he spake to them of heavenly things, except one, who was a most abandoned character—he thought to frighten him by threatening his life, and abusing him in a scandalous manner: but the enemy was defeated in this—for the gentleman that kept the springs, and others, soon stopped his mouth, so that he had peace ever after.

There were none just about this place that knew much about religion, but they appeared anxious to hear the glorious sound of the gospel.

I began to get my strength in some measure; so that I could walk about considerably well—There was to be a *Camp-Meeting* held near *Salem*, in Botetourt county, which was a distance of seventy or eighty miles; and we were in the mountains, without horse or carriage, and how we could get out we could not tell. But Providence, that had so often opened our way where we could see none, made a way at this time: there was a friend that was a *Methodist* who lived at the *Sweet Springs*, a distance, perhaps, of eighteen miles, from the *white* sulphur, who had requested Lorenzo to come over there and preach: he told him he would, provided he could send a couple of horses for us to ride. I had, by this time, got so well, that we thought I might be able to ride that distance on horseback.

Accordingly the man sent the horses; and we started and arrived at his house some time in the afternoon. We stayed at the *Sweet Springs* three or four days, and Lorenzo preached several times: we then, by the assistance of friends, were enable to get on to *Fincastle*, that was within twenty miles. We came with the preachers that were going to Camp-Meeting.

Here we got a chair from a friend to convey us part of the way from this to the place where the meeting was to be held, to another friend's, who let us have his horse and gig to carry us the remainder part of the way. When we got to the camp-ground it was nearly dark; but there we met with some of our old acquaintance, which made my heart to rejoice. The preachers were

very friendly. There I met with my dear friend, sister *Dunnington*, who perhaps enjoys as great communion with God, as any person I ever saw. She was very kind to me,—and I felt it was good to meet with those that truly love and serve the Lord. We staid at the Camp-Meeting until the day before it broke. It was a tolerable good time—there was a number of souls converted to God: may they continue to walk in the narrow happy road, until they reach the peaceful shores of Canaan!

We left the camp ground in company with a preacher and his family for Blacksburg, near the Yellow Springs, so called, where I was advised to go, and try the water. This was near thirty miles from Salem—here we stayed for two or three weeks, and I made use of the waters, which was, I think, beneficial to me.

We got acquainted with a gentleman from the *Low Lands* of *Virginia*, who was at the Springs with his wife on the account of her health.—These people were possessed of a large property, and but one child—and they also possessed as great a share of *hospitality* as any that I ever met with. They understanding our situation, gave me an invitation to go home and spend the winter with them—which I thankfully accepted, while Lorenzo took quite a different course to the Western country, intending to visit the *Louisiana*, before his return: but the *Indian War* breaking out, flung some obstacle in the way, which were unavoidable: hence, he sent on a *deed* of relinquishment to those that had the possession of the *old mill*, which had made such a

noise in the world—we had heard that they had got it, or rather built a new one, to do some business, but Lorenzo had *never* reaped any benefit from any thing that ever he claimed in that country, and I do not expect he ever will.

Here ends the history of his *reported* vast *possessions* in the Missisippi.

We parted at the Springs. I was to go home with brother Booth, the friend from *Virginia*, while he pursued his journey to the *West*.—Brother *Dunnington*, who lived at *Salem*, happened to be at the Springs at this time—he took me in his chair, and carried me to his house, and brother Booth came down the next day. His wife was very unwell, which detained us in the mountains for six or seven weeks.

I staid with sister *Dunnington*, until sister *Booth* was able to travel: we then started for Brunswick, their place of residence, where I was treated with the greatest kindness.

Lorenzo went on to the *Western States*, and from thence to Carolina, and so on to Virginia, to where I was; after an absence of near four months.

He in this tour visited about forty counties, and travelled near two thousand miles. He staid with me about ten days, and then started on another route through *North* and *South-Carolina* to *Charleston*, and visited many places, preaching from one to four times in a day, until he returned, which was about seven weeks. He got back to me on Friday night; he preached on Sunday, and on Monday morning we prepared to start for *Petersburg*.

March 8th, 1814, we bid adieu to my kind friends in *Brunswick*, where I had found an asylum from the cold winter for near five months, whilst my Lorenzo was ranging through the *Western* and *Southern States*, to call sinners to repentance. The morning that we parted with that dear family will be a memorable one to me; it was like parting with my nearest friends. May the Lord bless them with all such spiritual and temporal mercies, as shall prepare them for a seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

Brother Booth had furnished us with two horses, a gig, and servant, to go with us to *Petersburg*—and there we were to take his carriage and continue on to *Baltimore*. But when we got to *Petersburg*, the carriage which was designed we should take from there, was taken to pieces for repairing, so that we could not obtain it for our journey, and hence were under the necessity of taking the public stage for *Richmond*, which was something disagreeable to me: but I strove to put my trust in that hand which had dealt out so liberally to me in days that were past by.

The roads were very bad, being so much cut up by the large heavy waggons that were on the road, laden with *cotton* and other produce for market.

We arrived in *Richmond* between two and three o'clock, and was received with kindness by brother West and his companion. There we met several preachers, who treated us with friendship, which was very pleasant to me. O how sweet it is to meet with those that love and serve the great Master in sincerity and in truth!

And if it is so pleasant *here*, what will it be when we shall meet in that sweet world of *Rest*, where we shall see eye to eye—and be no more subject to *erroneous* conclusions, as it relates to our *brethren!* O that I may be enabled to fight my passage through, and meet with the dear friends of Jesus on the happy banks of everlasting deliverance!

We stayed in *Richmond* from Wednesday until Monday morning. Lorenzo hired a hack at the rate of five dollars per day to bring us on to *Fredericksburg*, which cost us near 40 dollars—but we came on in safety. I felt my heart often drawn out in prayer to God for protection while we were on the road, that He would attend us on our journey. We were received with kindness also at this place by our old friend, brother *Green*, and his family—where we stayed for some days.

Lorenzo held several meetings, and then took a seat in the public stage for *Alexandria*, where we arrived on Sunday, between two and three o'clock. We stopped at a public house, where the people that travel in the stage are accommodated—but did not stay longer than to deposit our baggage, and then to go in search of some friends where we had put up, when we were in that place some years before, by the name of *Slone*. We walked down the street for some distance, and as it happened, a gentleman and lady was standing at the door where Lorenzo had formed some acquaintance the preceding winter, and invited us to come in, which we did—and found a pleasant asylum, where we could rest

from our fatigue of travelling in the stage. O how sweet it is to meet with kind friends, after having been confined with those that neither feared God nor regard man!

We stayed at Mr. *Warter's* two nights, and then by the request of a family of quakers, by the name of *Scoolfield*, we spent one night with them. It was a very pleasant time to me—they were remarkably kind and friendly; and the gentleman in the morning took me in his chair and carried me to the city of *Washington*, which was about six miles from *Alexandria*, to another friend's, where my Lorenzo had found a kind reception a little more than twelve months before, and who had requested that he would bring me, if ever he should travel that way again.

Lorenzo had stayed behind to find some conveyance for our trunk and other baggage: in a short time he found a return hack, which he engaged, and arrived in a short time after me, and was received with affection by the family.—They were by name *Friends*, and they were so by nature.

We stayed with them three nights, and received many marks of friendship from them—for which may the great Master reward them in the day when he cometh to make up his jewels! They had been married for seventeen years, and had no children, except one little adopted daughter, of the lady's brother, which they had taken as their own. They doted on her: she was taken sick the day after I went there; and the second day at night they thought she was dying, and the poor little woman was in great

anguish of soul on the account. I did not expect the child would live until morning. We had engaged our passage in the stage for that morning at five o'clock, and were up at three. The family had slept very little for two nights; but when we arose in the morning, which was at an early hour, to prepare for our journey, the dear little child was still living, but looked like she had almost finished her course, and would shortly be conveyed to the realms of peace.—Brother *Friend* went with us to the stage-house, where we parted. We came on to *Baltimore*, where we stayed two nights with brother *Hagerty;* and Lorenzo preached twice in the town. We then took the steam-boat for *Philadelphia*, where we arrived in about twenty-six or eight hours, where we tarried from Tuesday until Friday—there Lorenzo preached two evenings in the AFRICAN church. We then left *Philadelphia*, and continued on in the steam-boat to *Trenton*, where we took the stage for *New-York:* we staid at *Princeton* one night, and the next evening we arrived at the city of *New-York*, and came to brother *Morris D'Camp's*—from whose house I started when going to the *Mississippi*—he then lived in *Troy*—after an absence of about five years and six months from the time we started, and from whom we have received many favours. May that God, who is able and willing to reward those that will be kind, for their benevolence bless him and all my dear friends, for their kindness to me—and in particular for the last nine years of my life.

SUPPLEMENTARY REFLECTIONS.

I LEFT Lynchburg on the 19th of July, and came to brother Walker's, in Buckingham, where I was taken worse; and stayed there three months—and then I went to brother *Duval's*, where I stayed about five months, and then returned to brother Walker's again, where I continued near two months more—making ten months in all. May the Lord give them the reward that is promised to those that give a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, for their kindness to unworthy me in this day of *adversity*.

January 25th. I this morning have been much relieved from melancholy reflections that employed my mind through the last night, as it relates to Lorenzo; as I had not heard from him for several weeks, which gave me much uneasiness, and made me feel my situation, which is something lonely: but what most distressed me was, my *heart* being so prone to distrust the protection of Providence over us, which I had so much reason to rely upon—for his tender care hath been over me from my earliest days until now, and hath brought me through dangers seen and unseen.—

"Through various deaths my soul hath led;
And turn'd aside the fatal hour,
And lifted up my sinking head"

O that I may ever feel resigned to the will of God! The day will shortly arrive when we must bid adieu to all sublunary things. May the Lord help me to tear my heart from earth away for Jesus to receive. I long to be dead to all below the sun, and have my affections placed on things above, where sorrow will be turned into joy—where we shall view our Saviour, who hath borne all our sins in his own body on the tree, without a dimming veil between! Lord, enable me to say—

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my *hope* and and all my *plea*,
For *me* the Saviour dy'd.
My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood.
And cleanse, and keep me clean."

January 26th. My heart longs to be filled with love and gratitude to God, for his mercy to me: and that through his grace strengthening me, I hope to overcome all the evils that may befal me, whether outward or inward. O that I may consider that *days* are uncertain here below—and know not the hour when the Son of Man may call for me; whether it will be at midnight, or at the cock's crowing—so it stands me in hand to *watch* and *pray*, that I may not be surprised when He shall come, but be *ready* to enter in with the Bridegroom to the marriage supper of the Lamb! How sweet rest will be,

after the toilsome "*journey of life*" is over.—We shall then be received to those joys that have been purchased at so dear a rate;—it cost no less than the precious blood of the *Son* of God! O what a ransom! That it should be neglected by *those* who ought to *benefit* by it—what a pity! O that they may take timely warning, and flee to the out-stretched arms of the Saviour, and hide them, while the storms of life be past, that they may be guided safe into the *haven* of eternal rest.

February 7th, 1813, Sunday—I feel this morning my spirits are very much depressed—I fear that trouble awaits me. O that I may be prepared for whatever may be the will of God concerning me, whether prosperity or adversity. May I ever lay passive at HIS feet, and feel a disposition to say, Not my will, but thine, be done. I am assured that this is a state of trial, wherein we must stand to our arms, or we shall suffer loss—for we are surrounded with enemies on every side, within and without, that are watching to do us mischief. O that I may be on my guard, and watch unto prayer, that the Lord may be my fore front and rear ward! and altho' troubles should assail me and dangers affright, I may be enabled to fly to the arms of Jesus, and find shelter and consolation there! For he hath said, that he will carry the lambs in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young—O that I may be one of those that can claim this promise and protection from him. I am left as one alone in the earth—but if I can only put my trust in him, I need not fear.—Although dangers

stand thick through all the ground, yet if the Lord is my shield, I shall not fear what man can do unto me. But I too often sink into a state of despondency, as my situation seems to be very gloomy at present:—not that I am in want of any thing to make me comfortable, as it relates to living—for I am placed in a kind family, for which I desire to be thankful—but my concern for my companion, who hath been gone for near two months, and I have not heard from him but once—which fills my heart with fear, lest something hath befallen him. O that God may preserve him from those that would do him harm—and may I be enabled to give him up into the hands of God; knowing that he will do all things well: and if we meet no more on *earth*, may we meet in *glory*, where we shall be reunited never to part again—and receive the crown of glory that is laid up for those that are faithful to the Lord, who bought their pardon on the tree!

February 9th. I am still alive, and enjoy a tolerable degree of health—for which I desire to be thankful: for it is more than I once expected, from the state of my health.

I *expected* that I should have been an *inhabitant* of *eternity* before this—but the Lord hath preserved me for a longer space! O that I may improve the precious moments as they pass, to the glory of God, and for the good of my immortal soul—that when time shall be no more with me, I may be received into glory, where sorrow will be turned into joy: where I may

join the blood-washed throng in singing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb for ever!

"And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

February 15th. I am still alive, and on praying ground—O that I may improve the precious *moments* as they pass, to the *glory* of God and the *good* of my own *soul*. My heart is too little engaged with God! O that I may never rest until I am filled with *love* to God and all mankind. May the Lord prepare me for whatever awaits me through this unfriendly world—for I expect that troubles will be my lot, while here, more or less, until I pass over *Jordan!*—God grant that they may end then; and for *them* may I receive a crown of glory, though *unworthy*. May God help me to *watch* and *pray* without *ceasing*, that I may be in a state of *readiness* for whatever may *befal* me!

"How *happy* every child of *grace*,
Who *knows* his sins forgiven.
This *earth*, he cries, is *not* my place,
I seek my *place* in HEAVEN.

A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O by *faith*, I see—
The land of *rest*, the saint's *delight*;
The heaven prepar'd for *me*."

March 12, 1813. I have reason to bless and praise God, that it is as well with me as it is—

that I have some desire still to devote my life and all that I have to the service of that God who hath preserved and brought me to the present moment. O that every power of my soul and body may be, without reserve, devoted to him. He hath been my Preserver and kind Benefactor from my earliest days until the present time! O that my heart may be filled with love and gratitude to Him, for every mercy that I do enjoy. It hath been better than three months since I parted with the *friend* that I esteem most dear; and I long much to see him—but I must be patient, and strive to give my all to the Lord, and say, Not my will, but thine be done.

March 14th. This day hath been a day of a good degree of *peace* and *joy* to my *soul*. As I have been so long deprived of meeting with my *brethren* to praise God! O that I may give my soul and body as a living sacrifice to him day by day—and be prepared to meet my Saviour in the skies, with joy and gladness.

"Through grace, I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die!"

March 21st. I have reason to praise God for his tender mercy to me; that he hath given me a degree of health and strength—and feel a desire to spend the remainder of my days in his service, and to his glory May the Lord bless me with an hungering and thirsting for all the mind that was in Christ, that I may be a comfort to my companion, and a blessing to society and be prepared for heaven and glory.

"Come Lord from above, these mountains remove.
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love."

I long to be altogether thine.—The day is fast approaching when it would be of more importance to have an interest at a throne of grace, than to be possessed of all the riches in this lower world! May God help me to realize the worth of *time* and the length of *eternity*—and improve my privileges accordingly!

March 21st. I feel to be in some degree thankful to God for the blessings that I do enjoy. May I improve them to the glory of my great Benefactor—and may the Lord reward my kind friends for their friendship to me.

"O that my God would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples' feet."

I feel my heart prone to wander from the God that I desire to love! O that the day may arrive when I shall love my God supremely—above every thing else.

April the 15th, 1813. I am this day out of eternity, but am not well—and know not how long I may be an inhabitant of this world!—That I may be in a state of readiness for death, when it shall come—for whether it be long or short, it will be the same king of terrors when it comes, if we are not *prepared* for it. My heart and soul, long for *full* redemption, in the blood of *Jesus*.

"O that my tender soul might fly
The least abhorr'd approach of ill:
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel."

I hope the Lord may give me grace to be faithful; that whether my days are many or few, they may all be devoted to him, that when I am called to go I may have a convoy of angels to escort my happy soul to realms of glory. My conflicts are many here, but the hand of the Lord is strong. O that I may be enabled to put my trust in him in every trying hour.

April 21st. I am this day a spared monument of mercy——that I am not cut off as a cumberer of the ground—O that my heart may be filled with real gratitude for the blessings I do enjoy—for kind friends in the day of adversity.

I feel that I need daily supplies from the fountain that was opened in the house of king David for *sin* and uncleanness. For the enemy thrusts sore at me—and I often fear I shall come short at last I want the whole armour, and skill to use the weapons, that I may be more than conqueror through the strength of Jesus—that when my sun is setting, I may have a prospect of Canaan's happy land, and view by faith the celestial fruits of paradise, where joys immortal grow—pain shall be exchanged then for pleasure that never shall cease—where we may gaze on the face of our beloved without a dimming veil of mortality between.

April 23th. I have reason to be thankful to God my great Preserver for the peace that I do feel in my soul this morning. Although my body is afflicted, yet I feel a degree of resignation to the will of God—and hope that I may be pre-

pared for whatever is the will of God concerning me—whether life or death.

" Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly:
And then my happy station
In life's fair tree shall have;
Close by the throne of Jesus,
Shut up with God above."

O that I may consider that my days are as a shadow that passeth away. God grant that I may secure a lot among the blest.

" My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing God's praise in endless day."

The road I have to travel is interspersed with *joys* and *sorrows*—and the only way to be happy is to receive the one with *gratitude* and the other with *submission*. O that I may have that true resignation to the will of heaven, that may enable me to rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks—thank the Lord for the blessings that I do enjoy, and be patient under sufferings, knowing that it is good for me to be afflicted, that I may know my own weakness the better, and rely only on the strength of him that is able to save all all those that put their trust in his clemency

and mercy! May the Lord help me to live to his glory while on earth I stay.

May 9th. 1313. I have reason to bless God that it is as well with me as it is! Whether I shall ever enjoy health or not I do not know—and I would not be anxious concerning it:—but may I be prepared for whatever is the will of the Lord concerning me—whether life or death, health or sickness, prosperity or adversity. I feel a desire to see my Lorenzo once more in time: but if that is denied me, may I be enabled to say, The will of the Lord be done—and may we meet on Canaan's happy shore, where sorrow will be turned into joy—and all that's earthly in our souls will be done away, and in its place we shall have the *nature* of angels and saints.

"O what a happy company—
When saints and angels join!"

There will be no more anger nor strife—no more malice nor envyings, evil speaking, nor any thing that shall mar our happiness, or give us pain—but harmony and peace shall for ever abound! May God help us to be faithful to him, and to the spirit of his grace.

"How *tedious* and *tasteless* the hours
When *Jesus* no longer I *see*;
Sweet prospects—sweet birds—and sweet flow'rs
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim—
The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am *happy* in him,
December's as *pleasant* as May.

" His *name* yields the richest perfume,
And *sweeter* than music his voice;
His *presence* disperses my *gloom*,
And makes all *within* me *rejoice*.
I *should*, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to *wish* or to *fear*—
No mortal so *happy* as I,
My *summer* would last all the *year*."

O that I could always be enabled to put my trust in him in every time of trouble—and may the Lord prepare me for death and glory.—

" There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit;
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet!"

May 10th. I am in a lingering state of health, and whether ever I shall be able to be of any use to myself or others I know not—but I hope that I may be enabled to be resigned to the disposal of Providence, and say, Not my will but thine be done. It is a reality that we are born to die, and after death to come to judgment—and how ought we to live, that we may stand acquitted in that awful day, when *Christ* in glory shall appear to judge both the *quick* and the *dead*. O that I may have " my robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," that I may hear the welcome sentence, Come ye bles-

sed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world—O happy day—when we shall be delivered from this body of clay, that clogs and weighs down the soul oftentimes, and makes us cry out with the apostle, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!

How necessary it is, for us to *watch* and *pray*, that we enter not into temptation—but hold fast the *confidence* that we have in a bleeding *Saviour*.

" No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow—pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest:
When shall I see my *Father's* face,
And in his bosom rest!

" Fill'd with delight my raptur'd *soul*
Can here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away:
There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

" On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting happy scene
That rises to my sight—
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

"The generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow:
All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away."

It is through the tender mercy of God, that I am alive and out of hell! O that I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind—may all the earthly dispositions of my heart be changed into heavenly, that I may be prepared to bid adieu to this world of sorrow, and find an habitation of rest, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. My God help me to be faithful the few days that I have to spend on earth. My heart hath been much sunk under a weight of sorrow—when I consider how far from God and heaven, and what I would be, I am!—O that the cry of my soul may be, Dear *Jesus*, raise me higher—I long to be *holy*, as Thou art holy. May the Lord help me to rely on his mercy and goodness for all that is to come—and say without reserve, "The will of the Lord be done."

" O God, my help in ages past,
My hope for years to come:
My shelter from the stormy blast,
And my eternal home."

Prepare me for that happy day, when all the saints get home—and sit down at the right hand of God—where we shall be freed from all the toils and troubles of life, and have pleasure without end—where trouble and anguish cannot enter, but all shall be *harmony* and peace!

" O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels meet:"—

in robes of white arrayed—when Christ shall wipe all tears from our eyes, and we shall be admitted to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the saints that have gone through much tribulation, and *washed* THEIR robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.—May my heart and life be conformed to the gospel, that I may be a comfort to my companion, and a blessing to society:—

" And may my *sun* in smiles decline—
And bring a *pleasing* night."

The men that love the Lord are happy in this world and in the next! O may that be my happy lot—may the Lord help me to tear every idol from my heart, and may he reign without a rival there. I feel my heart's desire is, to love the Lord with my whole heart.—

"This is a world of trouble and grief I plainly see;
But when in deepest sorrow, O God, I look to THEE!
Thou deliver'dst Daniel, when in the lions' den—
And if thou didst protect him, O why not other men!"

Help me to pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks? May my soul's concern and only care, be, to secure a lot among the blest—that when my days are ended on earth, I may receive an inheritance that can never be taken from me! May God preserve my companion while absent.

In my days of *childhood*, the *Providence* of God was over me to preserve me from evil;—although I lost my *mother*, one of the most invaluable blessings that a child can be deprived of, particularly a female. Yet the Lord was my friend, and brought me up to the years of maturity, with a mind as little tainted with the evil practices that are prevalent among young people, as most. My sister was very careful to teach me the way of rectitude in my earliest days, which was of great benefit to me in my *journey* through *life*. And I doubt not, if *mothers* would begin with their *children* when they are *young*, they might mould them into almost any *frame* they chose. But instead of paying that attention to their *morals* while their minds are young, and susceptible of good impressions, as they ought; they suffer them to mix with those that are wicked to a proverb; thinking there is no danger—they are too young to be injured by any bad example or precept. But they find, when it is too late, that their minds are too

easily impressed with evil; and habits, which are imbibed in childhood, are not so easily eradicated: and through their neglect, many that might be shining characters in society, a blessing to the age that they live in, they are but a nuisance to mankind, and are rearing up another *set* to walk in their tracks. Thus the world is contaminated by the mismanagement of mothers! My heart has often been pained, to see the dear little innocents suffered to run at randon; and taught nothing that would be of *service* to them, either in this world, or in the next! May the Lord open the eyes of those that have the care of children, to see the importance of their charge; and enable them to do their duty—that the rising generation may be more obedient to their parents, more attentive to the duty they owe their God—then they will be a greater blessing to society, and will be better qualified to fill up that sphere in life which they may be called to—and above all, be prepared for those happy regions, where all will be harmony and peace!

After my *marriage*, leaving the place where I had lived from my early days, I was placed in quite a different sphere of life. Unacquainted with the variety of manners and dispositions of mankind, I thought that all who professed friendship were friends: but I have found myself mistaken in many instances. Some that at one time would appear like as if there was nothing too good that they could do for one, at another time were so cool and distant, that one would be ready to conclude they could not be the same peo-

ple! These constant changes have, in some measure, taught me this lesson, that we are frail mortals, liable to change; and there is but *one* source that is permanent.—*There* we may place implicit *confidence;* and we will not be deceived.

I have abundant cause to be thankful to my great *Benefactor*, for the continued favours bestowed me—and for many kind friends who have administered to my necessities in the time of adversity: may the great Master reward them richly in this world, and in that which is to come, eternal life and glory! It is said to be more blessed to give than receive—therefore those that have it in their power to do good to the needy sons and daughters of affliction, and follow the dictates of charity, will have a double reward: they will feel a sweet *peace* in their own souls while they are travelling through this unfriendly world, and when they come to bid adieu to all things below the sun, they will have a glorious prospect of a happy entrance into the blest abode of saints and angels!

> O may my lot be cast with these,
> The least of Jesu's witnesses.

on earth—and at last be joined to that happy company above the skies?

What need there is to *watch* and *pray*, and guard against the vain allurements of this world; to steer our course between the rocks on either hand, that we may gain the destined port of eternal repose in the bosom of our once crucified, but now risen and exalted Saviour.

Our hearts are too often fixed on the vain and transient things of time and sense, while the important concerns of eternal happiness or misery are almost, if not quite neglected! We are leaving nothing undone that we can accomplish to lay up treasure on earth, which will perish in the using—while the *immortal part*, that will have an existence as long as its *author* exists, lieth in ruins! O what madness! This poor body, what is it, but a dying lump of clay! that must in a few revolving days be consigned to the dust from whence it was taken! What will it avail us then—whether we were rich or poor, noble or ignoble. The main point will then be whether we have spent our time in the service of God, or have devoted it to the pleasures and vanities of the world—to please ourselves, instead of obeying the calls of the gospel, and taking up the cross! O that these things may lay with serious weight on our minds, that we may make sure work for eternity, and spend no time unprofitably, but husband it to the best advantage.

The various scenes of life make such an impression on our minds, that we are often brought into such perplexities, that we hardly know which way to turn: but if we could always live in the enjoyment of that *Faith*, which it is our privilege to possess, we should never be at a loss. I have passed through many trying situations in *Europe* and *America*—but the Lord hath been my helper thus far, through all the *vicissitudes* attending the JOURNEY OF LIFE! And I hope, one day to outstrip the wind, beyond the bounds

of time—where there will be no more uncertainty or disappointment—where peace and harmony shall forever abound:—after all our troubles here how sweet and consoling rest will be!—May the Lord help me to live near to the bleeding side of a crucified *Redeemer*—willing to take up my cross and follow him where he may lead, if it is to go through fire or water. These are trying times—the love of many are waxing cold. How soon we may be called to a fresh *trial* of our FAITH, we cannot tell:—may we stand *firm*, knowing that all shall work together for good to those that *love* GOD.

THE MORNING VISION,

OR PHILOSOPHER CONVERTED.

I WALK'D forth one morning fair,
Aurora gently fann'd the air;
And scatter'd odours in the breeze,
From dropping gums and blooming trees.

The hills and vallies did abound
With feather'd songsters all around;
Their various artless notes did ring,
To welcome in the cheerful spring.

The earth was cloth'd in vernal hue,
And flow'rs sprink'd with morning new;
All nature smiling to behold
The rising sun with beams of gold.

Surveying nature's drama round,
The scene with wonders did abound.
Meanwhile my lab'ring eyes were charm'd,
An inward voice my soul alarm'd.

" Could you all nature comprehend,
" You'd better learn to know thy end;
" Those beauties which you now survey,
" Shall, like thyself, soon fade away.

" But death alone is not your doom,
" You surely must to judgment come;
" How will you stand before the Lord,
" When he unsheaths his flaming sword.

" When hills and mountains all are fled,
" Where will you hide your guilty head;

" O wretched man where will you rove?
" You've slighted a Redeemer's love."

Black horror seiz'd my guilty heart,
Thro' ev'ry vein I felt the smart;
I fell, and almost lost my breath,
And thought I soon should sink in death.

The little birds from spray to spray,
Were hymning praises all the day,
In artless anthems to their God,
But I despis'd a Saviour's blood.

If I had dy'd when I was young,
I now should with mine infant tongue
Be praising of my God on high,
But here in guilty chains I lie.

Thus trembling o'er the gulph I lay,
But dare not move my lips to pray;
I thought I was for ever curs'd,
My guilty heart was fit to burst.

My scarlet crimes did now appear,
Which sunk my soul in black despair:
My dreadful pains no tongue can tell,
I thought I felt the flames of hell.

I thought I saw the burning lake,
My frighted soul began to quake:
I cry'd aloud, Lord must I go,
To languish in eternal woe.

I heard a noise like thunder roll,
Which did affright my guilty soul:
I thought the dreadful day was come,
That I should hear my final doom.

To my amazement and surprise,
I saw a cloud descend the skies,
And on the cloud appeared One,
Who fairer was than chrystal stone.

His curling locks were snowy white,
His garments were exceeding bright;
The sun look'd dim before his face,
His feet were like the burning brass.

He spake, and lightnings stream'd around.
He says, "I have a ransom found;
"I bought your ransom on the tree,
"And came to set your spirit free."

My heart rebounded like a roe,
And glory through my soul did flow;
My sins were gone, and I was free,
And knew my Saviour dy'd for me.

I leap'd and shouted out aloud,
And longs for wings to reach the cloud;
To catch my Saviour in my arms,
And gaze forever on his charms.

Meanwhile I thus rejoicing stood,
He like a flaming cherub rode:
To heaven again he took his flight,
And quickly vanish'd out of sight.

But still I felt the heavenly flame,
And sung aloud in Jesu's name.
I felt the all-atoning blood,
And knew that I was born of God.

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